

THE
LADY-ERRANT.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

Written by

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Late Student of Christ-Church in
OXFORD, and Proctor of
the University.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and
are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of
the Princes Armes in St P A V L S
Churchyard. 1651.

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The PROLOGUE.

SAcred to your Delight
Be the short Revels of this Night;
That Calmet that in yond Myrtles moves,
Cowne all your Thoughts, and Loves:
And as the far all Yew-tree shews
No Spring among those happy Boughs,
So be all Care quite banisht hence
Whiles easie Quiet rocks your Sence.

We cannot here complain
Of want of Presence, or of Train;
For if choice Beauties make the Court,
And their Light guild the Sport,
This honour'd Ring presents us here
Glories as rich and fresh as there;
And it may under Question fall,
Which is more Court, This, or White-Hall.

Be't so. But then the Face
Of what we bring fits not the Place,
And so we shall pull down what ere
Your Glories have built here:
Yet if you will conceive, that though
The Poem's forc'd, We are not so;
And that each Sex keeps to it's Part,
Nature may plead excuse for Art.

As then there's no Offence.
Giv'n to the Weak or Stubborn hence,
Being the Female's Habit is
Her owne, and the Male's his:
So (if great things may steer by less)
May you the same in looks express:
Your Weare is Smiles, and Gracious Eyes;
When ere you frown't is but disguise.

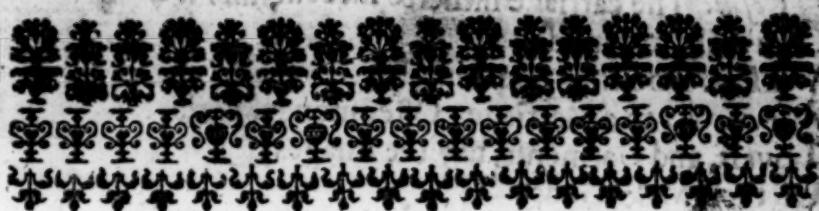
The



The PERSONS.

D emarchus	King of <i>Cyprus</i> .
D inomachus	King of <i>Crete</i> .
Charistus	Son to <i>Dinomachus</i> .
Philondas	Two Lords of <i>Cyprus</i> , the one
Pastanus	Husband to <i>Florina</i> , the other to <i>Malthora</i> .
Olyndus	A young Lord of <i>Cyprus</i> , left at home by reason of sickness.
Lerinus	
Ganyctor	3. Courtiers left at home.
Iringus	
3 Priests	Belonging to <i>Apollo's Temple in Crete</i> .
Adraste	Queen to <i>Demarchus</i> .
Lucasia	Daughter to them.
Florina	Two Ladies sadly bearing the absence of their Lords.
Malthora	
Cosmeta	Three busie factious Ladies
Pandena	and contrary to the two former.
Rhodia	
Eumela	A young Lady Confident to the Princes.
Macheffa	A Lady-Errant for the time.
Philanis	Her Page.

The Scene **CYPRUS**.



The Lady-Errant.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Cosmeta, Pandena, (Rhodia between them) *busily discoursing in the Myrtle Grove.*

Cof.



And if you see not Women plead, and
judge,
Raise, and depress, reward, and pa-
nish, carry
Things how they please, and turn the
Politique dore

Upon new hindges very shortly, never
Believe the Oracle.

Rhod. Could I see't 'twould prove
An Antidote against old Age, and make me
Grow younger still without Expence or Art.

Pan. You sin past pardon Rhodia, if you doubt it.

Cof. The plot's most firm and strong.

Pan. The Means advis'd.

Cof. The

The LADY-ERRANT.

Cosm. The carriage hitherto successfull; we
Gain daily to our side.

Rhod. Doe they come in?

Pan. As to a Marriage; Offer money, Plate,
Jewels, and Garments, nay the Images
Of their Male-Gods.

Cosm. The very name of Rule
Raises their Blouds, and makes 'em throw their Wealth
Away as heartily, as if they were
Young Heires, or old Philosophers.

Rhod. Why then,
There's one care sav'd *Cosmeta*.

Cosm. What's that pray?

Rhod. I was preparing strong Preservatives
Against our Lords came home, for fear of fainting
At their Arrivall.

Pan. They'd have smelt indeed
Of Labour, Sweat, Dust, Man, and Victory,

Cosm. And such grosse Rustick sentts, that a Court nose
Without the patience of a Stoick, could not
Have possibly endur'd them,

Rhod. I believe
They'd have encreas'd the Bill, and some would weekly
Have dy'd of the Lords Return from the *Cretan War*;
What growth's your Plot of Madam?

Cosm. O it ripens
Past expectation! See, Besidēs our selves. Puls out a
Eleven Court-Ladies on the Roll already; Roll.
Hjantha then sends word, that ten, or twelve
Very substanciall Countrey-Ladies have
Subscrib'd three days ago.

Pan. My Province here,
The City-wives, swarm in, strive, and make means
Who shall command their Husbands first.

Cosm. And then

Of

Of Countrey Gentlewomen, and their eldest daughters,
More than can write their Names ; 'Tis now past danger.

Rhod. But, 'Madam, how'l you gain the men at home ?

Cosf. For that brace & half of Courtiers there, *Ganyctor*,
Lerinus, and *Iringus*, they are mine,
Fast in the Net, if I but pitch it only.

Rhod. Look where they come, pray sweare 'em present-

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Ganyctor, *Lerinus*, *Iringus*.

Cosm. I'll give 'em but my hand to kiss, and 'twill

Bind 'em as fast, as if it were the holiest
Of the best *Sibyls* Leaves.

Pan. Favour your tongues ;
Let's lie in Ambush here a while, and listen
What they discourse of.

Rhod. Why of Women I warrant y'.

Cosm. Peace *Rhodia*, peace, close sweet *Pandena*, close !

Irin. *Lerinus*, this hath been the worst Spring that
I ever knew.

Lorin. Faith it has', for *Flora*
Still challeng'd it before, but now *Bellona*
Hath got the time : Roses and Violets were
The fruit o'th' Season formerly, but now
Laying, and raising Sieges : Building up
And pulling down of Castles ; Manning, and
Demolishing of Forts have sign'd the Months.

Gan. Where beauteous Ladies slumber'd, & were guarded
By the enamor'd Lizards (as if *Cadmus*
In envy had reserv'd some Serpents teeth
And sown 'em there) hard watchings and rough Guards
Fill and make up the field.

(Cosm. Most smoothly said,
And like a Cowardly Poet.

Irin. There's a feare

The Women too will rise at home.

Ler. Their fingers
Itch to be tamp'ring with the wheels o'th' State.

Gan. 'Tis very well my Lord Olyndus then
Is left at home.

Ler. How does his Lordship now?
Still angry that his Majesty would not let
His Sickness go against the Enemy?

Irin. He finds the hardest Wars at home, he hath
Visits, and Onsets, that molest him more
Than all his griefs. He now complains of health;
The eager Ladyes do besiege him hourly,
Not out of love so much, as want of men;
Any thing now, that wears but Breeches only,
Is plotted, and projected for as much
As a new Fashion, or an Office 'bove Stairs,

Ler. They do call this their time of Persecution,
Swear they are living Martyrs.

Gan. Then the Punishment
Must make 'em so; I'm sure the cause will never.

Ler. A man is striven for as eagerly
As the last loaf in a great depth of Famine.

Irin. You won't believe what I shall tell you now;
Pandena and sweet *Rhodia* at this instant
Both love me, hate each other, eager Rivals;
The one enshrines her Mellons in pure Chrystall,
And as the fruit doth ripen, so her hopes
Of me doe ripen with it——

(*Pan.* Monstrous fellow!)

Irin. The other counts her Apricots, and thinks
So many kisses grow there; lays 'em naked
And open to the Sun, that it may freely
Smile on her vegetable Embraces.

(*Rho.* Good! do you hear this, Madam?)

Cof. Peace and let him on.

Irin.

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Irin. The one presents me, and the other presents me
Gums, Spicknard-boxes, Fruits, and early Roses,
Figs, Mushrooms, Bulbi, and what not ? I am
More reverenc'd than their Household-God, and taste
Their store before him still,

(*Cosm.* Close yet for my sake.)

Irin. And proud *Cosmeta*—

(*Pan.* Nay you must hear't out too.)

Irin. She, that, if there were Sexes 'bove the Moon,
VVould tempt a Male Idea, and seduce
A Separate Hee-Substance into Lewdness,
Hath smil'd, glanc'd, wink'd, and trod upon my toes,
Sent smooth Epistles to me, whom I let
Pass unregarded, as a suing Beauty,
And one that makes my triumph up —

[As he speaks *Cosmeta* and the other two Ladies approach.
Fair Ladies

You make my Triumph up in that I see you.

Cosm. VVhat ? have you been at the VVars then Cap-

Irin. Madam (tains?)

I've stood o'th' shore, and wisht well to our Fleet.

Ces. If that be all, pray how comes so much Crest,
And Scarfe, and Boot to be misplac'd on you ?

Gan. Is't not a time of VVar, dear Lady ?

Pan. You follow

The times then, though you won't the Camp.

Ler. 'Tis fit

VVe should be in the Field-fashion however.

Rho. 'Cause you intend the VVars at home perhaps.

Irin. Troth the beleagering of you, Lady, will
Hardly deserve the name of a Siedge; you'll yeeld
So easily on the first approach.

Cosm. You doe

Mistake her, Sir, she means, that you intend
To take great Towns at home —

Pan. Demolish Castles,
And high-built Pyes at once—

Rho. Gaine Sconces 'twixt
The first and second Course—

Cosm. And in the vertue
Of the large *Cretan* Jar kill men at Table.

Irin. No Lady, we do stay at home to make 'em.

Pan. The Wars indeed 'll exhaust the Kingdom much.

Cosf. And fit tis that should some way be supply'd.

Irin. You won't corrupt me, Madam? pray forbear.

Cosf. No, Sir, I will not do the State that harm;
For the Corruption of one Coward must
Needs be the Generation of another.

Ler. I'll warrant th'Issue will be truly valiant.

Rho. And how so Captain *Stay-by-it*?

Pan. Madam, he
Can neither fight nor speak; I'll tell you how.
That you're a Coward, Sir, is granted: Thus then;
Either your Father was valiant, or was not.

Irin. A very sure division, Lady, that.

Pan. If he were valiant, and you a Coward,
'Tis your Sons course next to be valiant;
But if he were not valiant, and that
You are a Coward of a Coward, then
Your Lineall Issue must be valiant needs,
Because two Negatives make an Affirmative.

Cosm. A most invincible Argument!

Irin. This shall not
Serve I assure you, say what e're you will
You shall not reason me to your Bed-side.

Rho. No, Sir.

Cosf. Not though we send you Mellons?

Pan. Ripe'd Hopes?

Rho. Apricocks, Figges?

Pan. Vegetable Embraces.

Cosm.

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Cof. And smooth Epistles? Go you vile abusers
Of what you cannot compals; 'cause you nourish
Desires, you will discharge the sin on us.

Irin. Ladies you're much deceiv'd: had you the Apho-
Of th'Art perfect, that each word should go (rhimes
With a designe, that not an Eye should be
Lift up, or cast down without mystery— (looks,

Ler. Could you force sighs, faigne passions, manage
Season your jests, speak with a Manner still—

Gan. Should you consult a Decade of Chambermaids,
And sadly advise with your Chrystall Oracles,
In which Attire your Beauties would appear
Most strong; in what contrivance your sweet Graces
Would be most fierce, and overcome Spectators,
You should not have one look to quench the fire.

Ler. You shall be Vestals by compulsion still—
Irin. You shall make Verses to me e're I've done;
Call me your *Calius*, your *Corinnus*, and
Make me the Man o'th' Book in some Roman
And after all I will not yield.

Rho. You're got
a safe field of Discourse, where you
sure, that Modestie will not suffer us
To answer you in a direct line.

Cof. You were
Wont to go whining up and down, and make
Dismall Soliloquies in shady Woods—

Pan. Discourse with Trees—

Rho. And Dialogue with Eccho's—

Cof. Send Messages by Birds, make discreet Thrushes
Your truluy Agents 'twixt your Loves and you—

Rho. Which Loves you call'd Nymphs—

Cof. When indeed they were
Milkmuids, or some such Drudges. This your rating
And prizing of your selves, and standing off,

Comes

Comes not from any bett'ring of your Judgements,
But from your Mouth's being out of taste.

Pan. Pray y'what
Employment are you fit for?

Ler. Ile assure you
None about you.

Cof. Their whole Employment is
To goe Embassadors 'twixt retir'd Ladies —

Pan. To ask how this great Ladies Physick wrought —

Rho. Give an account o'th' vertue of her Drugs.

Cof. Make perfect Audit of the Tale of sighs
Some little Dog did breath in his first sleep :

Goe you Reproach and Refuse of your Countrey.

Gan. You speake most valiantly Heroick Lady.

Ler. Pray *Venus* you permit the Lords to rule
The Common-wealth again, when they come home.

Pan. Know Sir, they shall not —

Cof. And you shall consent,
Ayd, and we us in't in spight of you,
Willing or unwilling, all's one.

Irin. We'll leave you.

Gan. Your Company grows dangerous.

Ler. 'Tis half Treason
To hear you talk.

Pan. Before you 'tis very safe. *Ex. Gan, Irin, Ler,*
You'll never dare t' engage your selves so much
I'th' Army, as to inform the King o' t.

Rho. Come,
Let us away too.

Cof. We will vex 'em through
All sorts of Torment, meet 'em at each Corner,
Write Satyrs, and make Libels of 'em, put 'em
In Shows, & Mock-Shows, Masques, & Plaies, present 'em
In all Dramatique Poetry : they shall
Be sung i'th Markets, we'll not let 'em rest

Till

Till themselves sue to be o'th' Female *Covenant.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

To them *Eumela.*

Pan. **B**ut hold, here comes *Eumela.*

Cof. Lady Secretary

Unto our future State, God give you joy.

Eum. You bestow Offices, as City Mothers
After their Travail, do give Flowers between
Their House and *Juno's* Temple, to the next
They meet, or as you do your Ribbands, to
Entangle, not Reward.

Pan. Then you are Wise
And Politique still—

Rho. Of the Male-faction Lady?

Cof. And you will suffer by Prescription still?
But to be serious now; what do you do? (Rule:

Eum. That which you would, if you should come to
Wake, Sleep, Rise, Drefs, Eat, Visit, and Converse,
And let the State alone.

Cof. Y'are very short.

Eum. Indeed I am somewhat now in haste; I'm going
To meet a pair of Ladies, that would willing
Keep their own Sex, and not turn Lords.

Pan. You mean

Florina, and *Malthora*, those that are
Sad now, that one day they may be in History
Under the name of Turtles.

Cof. What Dialect may
Those Ladies grieve in? *Dorick* or *Ionick*?
Doe they make Verses yet?

Eum. Their Manners are
A kind of *Sayr* upon yours; though they

Intend

Intend it not, the people read 'em so.

Rho. 'Cause they have laid aside their Jewels, and so
Blinded their Garments—

Cof. 'Cause they eat their sweet-meats
In a black Closet, they are counted faithfull,
The sole *Penelope*'s o'th' time, the Ladies
Of the chaste Web i'th' absence of their Lords.

Eum. Your sadness would be such perhaps, if you
Would take the pains to shew the Art of Mourning.

Rho. Is there another way of grieving then?

Eum. This is not grief, but stands to be thought grief:
They are not of such vaunting popular sorrow;
Their Tapers are not dy'd in dismal hue,
And set in Ebon Candlesticks; they wear
No sad black Sarcenet Smocks, nor do they smutch
Their women, to be serv'd by mourning Faces;
This were to grieve to Ostentation,
Not ro a reall friendship.

Pan. Is there friendship
Think you 'twixt man and wife?

Eum. You'll say, perhaps,
You, and your Husband, have not been friends yet.

Pan. Madam, you prophecy.

Eum. I might be thought t'have done so,
Had I foretold a truth to come, but this
Is History already.

Cof. If they do not this,
Nor wear the day out in a hoodwinkt room,
Where there's no living thing besides the Clock,
Nor yet take Physick to look pale, what doe they?

Eum. They grieve themselves, their Doctor grieves not
They do that in the Absence of their Lords [for them:
That you would in the Presence of your own.

Cof. You see we look as fat, and fair as ever—

Eum. Your Kitchin's warm, your Box, and Pencils
fail not.

Pan.

Pan. —VVe are as long in dressing as before —

Em. And have the same Romancys read, the same Letters brought to you, whilst y're doing it.

Rho. —Sleep, and take rest, as then, and altogether Speak as much wit as we did before the wars.

Eum. And to as little purpose.

Cof. Fie *Eumela*!

That you should be so obstinate, as to hear
VVealth, Honour, Pleasure, Rule, and every good
Knock at your door, and yet not let 'em in.

Eum. Madam, I know my Looking-glass wo'n't shew
The altering o'th' State, when it presents
The changes of my Face, and that I cannot
Order the Kingdome, as I do my Hair.

Enter *Florina* and *Malthora*.

Pan. Yonder's your business; Madam, there are three
Sad things arriv'd, two Ladies and a Lute.

Cof. But shall I write you down before you go
The thirteenth in the Rowl of the Afflerters
Of Female Liberty?

Eum. If Liberty be the thing
You so much stand for, pray you give me mine;
I neither grant, nor yet deny; I will
Consider.

Cof. VVe dismiss you, Madam, then
Unto your serious Counsell.

Eum. Fare you well.

Exeunt Cof. Pan. Rho.

ACT.

ACT I. SCEN. IV.

Eumela goes to *Florina* and *Malthora* who
are late in the Grove.

Elo. **O** Come, *Eumela*, thou dost know, without thee
Our thoughts are Desarts, Rocks, and Sands,
That either Nature's absent from, or hath (and all)
Reserv'd unto her self alone.

Eum. I bring you
Noise, Trouble, Tumult, and the World; but if
There were that power in my worthleſſ presence,
That I could cast a day upon your thoughts,
You should not think of Places that are sacred
To Night, and Silence: Visits still, and Feasts
And the whole Ring and Throng of Mirth should stir
In your delighted Souls.

Mal. Prethee *Eumela*
Is there no secret ancient Grove, that hath
Stood from the birth of Nature to this time,
Whose vast, high, hollow Trees seem each a Temple,
Whose paths no curious Eye hath yet found out,
Free from the Foot and Axe.

Eum. If I could tell you
It were found out already.

Elo. Hast thou read
Of any Mountain, whose cold frozen top
Sees Hail i' th' Bed, not yet grown round, and Snow
I' th' Fleece, not Carded yet, whose hanging weight
Archeth some still deep River, that for fear
Steals by the foot of't without noile.

Eum. Alas !
These are the things, that some poor wretched Lover
Unpittied by his scornfull Shepherdesse

VVould

LIMI - 1

Would wish for, after that he had look'd up
Unto the Heavens, and call'd her Cruell thrice,
And vow'd to dye.

Flor. I prethee pardon me ;
I live without my self.

Eum. But I have read
Of a tall secret Grove, where loving Winds
Breathing their sighs among the trembling Boughs,
Blow Odes, and Epodes ; where a murmuring Brook
Will let us see the Brother to our Sun,
And shew's another World there under water.

Mal. Prethee let's go, and find it out, and live there.

Eum. Our Ancient Poet *Linus* somewhere sings
Of some such thing.

Mal. Thou alwaies dost deceive us ;
Thou told'st us of an Echo too, and when
Thou brought'st us to it, thou had'st put *Philenis*
Behind the Wall, to give us all the Answers.

Flor. Yes, and thy bringing in my Father's Dwarf
With Bow and Wings, and Quiver at his back,
Instead of *Cupid*, to convey us Letters
Through th' Air from hence to *Crete*, was but a trick
To put away our sadness. But I had
Almost forgot what we came for, I prethee
Take up the Lute there, and let's hear the Ode ;
That thou did'st promise us ; I hope 'tis sad.

The Ode sung by *Eamela*.

TO carve our Loves in Myrtle rinds,
And tell our Secrets to the Woods,
To send our Sighs by faithful Winds,
And trust our Tears unto the Flouds,
To call where no man hears,
And think that Rocks have Ears §

To

To Walke, and Rest, to Live, and Dye,
 And yet not know Whence, How, or Why ;
 To have our Hopes with Fears still checkt,
 To credit Doubts, and Truth suspect,

This, this is that we may

A Lover's Absence say.

Follies without, are Cares within ;
Where Eyes do fail, there Souls begin.

Mal. Thou art a harmleſſ Syren fair *Eumela*.

Flor. 'Tis very true indeed ; thou feed'st at once,
 And dost correct our follyes : but wert thou
 As we, thoud'st do the like.

Eum. For Love's sake tell me

VVhy should you seek out Groves, where the bright Sun
 Can make no day, although he throw upon 'em
 VVhole flouds of Light, Places where Nature will
 Be blind in spight of Him ? VVhy should you fancy
 Caves fit to write sad Revelations in ?
 Or why a Lover stretcht on shaggy Moss
 Between two Beds of Poppey to procure
 One Minut's slumber ?

Flor. These, *Eumela*, are not
 The Journeys but Digressions of our Souls,
 That being once inform'd with Love, must work,
 And rather waſter, than stand ſtill. I know
 There is a VVifdom to be shewn in Passions ;
 And there are ſtayd and ſetled griefs : I'l be
 Severe unto my ſelf, and make my Soul
 Seek out a Regular Motion, towards him
 VVhom it moves to, and thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee
 Love bleed, and yet ſtoop to Philosophy.

ACT I. SCEN. V.

Olyndus and Charystus toward them.

Eum. **M** Adam I must away ; *Olyndus* yonder
Is hasting towards me.

Mal. Farwell *Eumela*,
Be ever happy.

Flor. And may some good God
Cherish thy Loves, as thou dost cherish others. *Ex. Fl. & Ma.*

Eum. My Lord *Olyndus*, what's your bus'ness to me ?

Olyn. Vertuous *Eumela*, you must doe me the favour
To give this Letter into th' Princeſ's hands
With all the speed and secrecy you may.

Eum. I carry with me Night, and wings my Lord. *Ex.*

Cha. O my *Olyndus*, were there not that thing
That we call Friend, Earth would one Desart be,
And Men Alone still, though in Company. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Macheſſa, Philænis, and after a while Cosmets,
Pandena, Rhodia.

Mac. Give me my Javelin, hangs my Fanchion right ?
G Three Ladyſ sayſt thou ? So ! go fetch 'em in now.
What goes the Tilting on I mention'd ? Is there *En. Pan.*
Cof. Rho.

No Joust, nor Turnament yet granted out ?

Cof. You're well appointed Madam.

Mach. How I hate

That Name of Madam, it beſits a Chamber :
Give me the words o'th' Field, ſuch as you'd give
To fairer Ladyes prickin' o'r the Plains

On foaming Steeds. But I do pardon you.
 Shews not this Scarf and Fauchion far more comely,
 Than poultry, pyebald Ribbands, and young Bodkins?
Pam. You wear a rigid Beauty, fierce Delights.
Rbo. Your Pleasures threaten, and your stubborn Grace
 Tempt, and defend at once.

Mach. Why now y'are right.
 And what say'lt thou, my little Noon-tide shadow?
 My trusty Pigmy?

Phil. Now indeed, and truly —
Mach. Hell o' these sumpring Protestations!
 Thou sinfull Inch of short Mortality,
 Give Ear to my Instructions: here I swear
 By th' Sacred Order of my Lady-Errantry,
 If thou effeminat'lt thy discourse once more
 With these precise, mine'd, Little Sisters-Vows,
 Thy breath is forfeit.

Phi. By that bloody Fauchion —
Mach. I there's a Wench, spit from the mouth of *Ma*
Bellona was thy Nurse. (vors)

Phi. — And that fierce Javelin,
 I'd rather see a Plume o'shade your back
 With a large, generous Carelessness; than a bunch
 Of fidling Feathers hang before you, jult
 As modest fig-leaves do in naked Pictures.

Mach. Thou little 'Vantage of Mankind, thou Grain
 That Nature put into the Scales to make
 Weight to the VWorld, thou tak'lt me very much.

Phi. The Sable Fan, which you wore last upon
 Your white Lawn-Apron, made you shew just like
 The Ace of Clubs, with a black spot i'th' middle.

Mac. VVhy how now little Mischief? is't not knavish
 And waggish, like a very Page o'th' Court?

Cof. VVhat use do you mean her for?

Mach. Have you not read?

To summon Knights from th' tops of Castle wals.

Pan. I fancy those brave Scythian Heroines ;
Those Noble, valiant *Amazons* like you.

Mach. Nature did shew them only as my Types.

Cof. There's nothing wanting but adventures : We
shall quickly now requite the Errant Knights
That help distressed Ladies to their wishes.

Mach. I'll disobliege our Sex. If that you find
Any imprison'd, or enchanted
Tell him *Macheffa*'s his deliverance.

Said I *Macheffa*? Hold ! that word *Macheffa*
Sailes through my Lips with too small breath. I'll have
A Name that Mouths shall travell with : let's see ?
Wee'l put a Prologue to it : So ! I have it ;
It is concluded — *Monster-quelling-Woman-*
Obliging-Man-delivering-Macheffa,
She,She is his deliverance : tell him so.

Ph. Do she that can ; I would you'd change your Name ;
'Tis longer than your Self, and if it were
Some three foot shorter, 'twere as high as I am. [One knocks.

Mach. See who 'tis knocks ; you do not know your
Bellona, hear my Name, and send Adventures. (Offices,

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

To them *Ganyctor*, *Lerinus*, *Iringus*.

Cof. The Courtiers Madam ; work for us I remember :
Pray stand aside as soon as we begin.

Gan. Save you *Macheffa*.

Mach. I've a Name besides,

By which I mean Posterity shall know me ;
The word is grown : 'tis *Monster-quelling-Woman-*
Obliging-Man-delivering-Macheffa.

Irin. Sweet *Monster-quelling-Woman*-ob-and so forth'

Wee've brought a busines to you.

Cof. Valiant Captain,

What is th' Affront that's most in fashion now ?

Irin. why doe you ask me Lady ?

Pan. 'Cause y'are wont

To receive most, and so can tell the newest ;

VVhich now perhaps you come to have redrest.

Rho. VVhat is the strength o'th' Subject think you Sir?

Ler. Why what know I ?

Cof. Who should Sir, if not you

That have so oft been beaten by all sorts,

And all degrees of men ?

Pan. Which Lady now

Sends you most Favours ?

Rho. VVhich most Mellons ?

Cof. Which

Most Gums, and Spikenard Boxes ?

Rho. Who presents you

With the best Figs ?

Pan. The plumpest Bulbi ?

Gan. You,

And you, and you ; you will not worry me ?

Cof. By your Periwig, Captain, but we will.

Pan. By your

False Teeth we will.

Rho. And your glasse-Eye we will.

Ler. For Jove's sake, Madam.

Irin. S'heart I'm not breath-proof.

Cof. Alas, we han't begun yet.

Gan. Let's befeech you.

Pan. We will not be befeech'd.

Cof. Think upon Rest,

As a past pleasure of your youth —

Pan. You shall not

Be idle quietly in the Presence Chamber.

Rho. You

Rho. You shan't tell lies in quiet to the Waiters.

Cof. Nor, when you've done, share in their meat in qui-

Pan. Wee'l meet you at the Bath — (et.

Cof. You shall not wash

Without disturbance.

Pan. At the Theater too —

Rho. You shall not misconceive good Comedies
Without vexation —

Cof. And at Flora's Park. —

Pan. You shall not cheat at little Horse-races

Without discovery.

Rho. In th' Temple then —

Cof. You shall not kneel in quiet at the Altars —

Rho. Wee'l hearken, and observe —

Pan. You shall not have

So much free time, as to appoint a meeting

With her kneels next y' —

Rho. If that y'are bid to Supper —

Cof. Wee'l stay you, though y'have got a warrant to
Ride post to eat.

Ler. Good Madam, be content.

Pan. And if y'are set —

Irin. Hell, and Furies —

Cof. You

Shall rise, and prove perfidious to the hot

Cramm'd Fowl upon your trencher,

Gan. Wee'l subscribe —

Are you content?

Rho. And when y'are weary of

All this —

Cof. Wee'l doe all this again.

Pan. Wee'l keep you,

As they doe Hawkes —

Cof. Watching untill you leave
Your wildness, and prove inward.

Gan. Hear y' Madam—

Ler. We will subscribe.

Cof. Come quickly then, lest that
We take a toy, and will not let you.

Mach. steps in and
draws till they all
pass out.

Mach. Stay.

The Gods have destin'd this should be the first
Of my Adventures —go— y'are free.

Irin. Our thanks

Will be too small a Recompence. [Exeunt *Gan.* *Irin.* *Ler.*

Mach. The Deed

Will pay it self; Virtue's not Mercenary :
Or, if it be, mine is not. So ; I do
Begin to come in Action now. To do
And suffer, dōth engross whole Nature, and
I will engross both them ; I'll set all free,
But only Glory ; her I'll Captive lead,
Making her Trumpet only sound my Name,
That is, the Sexe's. I am all their Fame.

How goes your Bus'ness on ?

Pan. Virtue and Fortune

Joyn in it both.

Cof. *Eumela* is come over,
Hath undertook the Machin, and hath promis'd
To bring it to that pals, that neither Queen,
Nor Princeſ shall gainsay't. *Florina*, and
Malthora both have given in their Reasons,
Which I have answer'd, and convinc'd.

Mach. If that

It come to any danger, let me know it.

Exeunt *Mach.* *Phi.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

To them *Eumela.*

Rho. E umela welcome; does your business thrive? E um. Too fast.

Eum. Too fast.

Cof. What? have you sent to th' Ports?

Eum. All's safe.

Macheffa's ours you say —

Pan. Yes, and *Philandra*.

Eum. Cleora and *Earina* busie Sticklers,

Oenone and Hermione sent as Emissaries

To try the farther Cities — *Paria* hath

A pretty stroke among the Privy Chamber.

Cof. You've lost no time.

Eum. Nor will, *Cosmeta*—

Psecas, and Dorcas, Cloe, and Plecusa,

Phillis, and Glauc.

I was dressing.

Rho. On what Book I pray? *Book of Common Prayer* *Matthew*

Eum. On the Greek Epigrams, M

now not which :

Co. What hopes now of the
Home and Child Welfare of Ireland?

Have we o'er Women of *Lapytbia*? How stand the Dames of *Salemire* affected?

How it and the Dames of Salaman affected ?
Eum. Why *Lycas* sent to give them a fair Largeess
Of Loaves and Wine, & then, while that well cheers 'em,
Eugenia brings 'em a most promising Answer
From some corrupted Oracle, and so leads
The superstitious Souls to what she pleaseth.
This is a ground, a thing suppos'd. The Plot
Is wholly now upon *Florina*, there
It knits, and gathers, breaks, and joyns again ;
She's Wise, and Noble — we must find a way

No.

Not thought on yet to gain her.

Pan. But the Queen
And Princess —

Esm. They perceive the business ripens,
That it doth move the limbs, and can for need
Shift, and defend it self, and therefore doe
By me make promise of a generall meeting
As soon as may be: i'th' mean time, we have
Full leave to gather any Contributions,
Gold, Silver, Jewels, Garments, any thing
Conducing to maintain the Publique Causē.

Omn. Goddes Eumela!

Esm. Goe, fall off, the Princess
Is at hand — I'lgoe mingle Counsels.

Exeunt Col. Rho. Pan.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Lucasia to Eumela.

Luc. Eumela you are come most opportunely.

Eu. This to your Highnes from my L. Olyndus.

[delivers the Letter.]

Luc. You're happy that your Love is with you still,
That you can see, and hear, and speak to him.
Venus doth favour you more than the whole
Kingdome *Eumela*; *Mars* for her sake 's kind to you.

Esm. I must confes it happy: but *Olyndus*
Cannot be brought to think it so; he fears
His sickness will by some be constru'd Love;
Which, if his Valour in his Country's danger
Durst give the upper hand, ev'n at the Altar,
Though *Venus* did her self look on, hee'd pull
Out of his Breast, and cast aside, as some
Unhallow'd part o'th' Sacrifice.

Luc. His

Luc. His King

Hath found him truly valiant. E'r I open
This Paper, you mast state one Point, *Eumela*,
suppose me busie in the holy Rites
Of our adored *Venus*: if by chance
I cast mine Eye upon some Princely visage,
And feel a Passion, is the Goddess wrong'd?
Or the Religion lesse?

Eum. Our Loves what are they

But howerly Sacrifices, only wanting
The prease and tumult of Solemnyty?
If then i'th'heat and Achme of Devotion
We drick a new flame in, can it be ought
But to increase the Worship? and what Goddess
Was ever angry that the holy Priest
Increas'd her Fires, and made 'em burn more clear?

Luc. True, but suppose the Face thenseen doth never
Appear more after, is not that a sign
The Goddess is displeas'd?

Eum. That it a while

Appears not, is to cherish, not extinguish
The Passion thence conceiv'd: as Persecutions
Make Piety stronger still, and bring th' Afflicted
Unto the glory of renowned Martyrs.

Luc. But is there then no hope but that? Alas!
This man perhaps might perish in some War
As now (But O ye Gods avert the Fate!) [to herself.]
And then th' unhappy sighing Virgin fall
From that her feigned Heaven.

Eum. It cannot be;
Venus destroyes her Deity, if she shew
And then delude: She will not lose what once
Sl.' hath made her own; She that knits hearts by th' Eyes,
Will keep the knot fast by their Entercourse;
If you have once but seen, and lov'd, permit

The

The rest unto the Deity. Will it please
Your Highness to peruse the Letter ? 'tis
Of moment I presume : why blush you Madam ?
And, while I ask you, why look pale ?

Luc. Eumela,

The supposition's truth; lately, thou knowest,
I did assist at *Venus* Sacrifice ;
He, whom I saw, and lov'd, saw, and lov'd too,
And now hath writ — but let *Olyndus* tell him
I will not see him, though he were the Soul
Of all Mankind.

Eum. I will.

Luc. Hear me — yet if
He have a true undoubted Friend, he may
Send him, I'll meet him in the Myrtle Grove,
And tell him more.

Eum. I will obey.

Luc. But stay —
And yet that's all.

Eum. I go.

[Exit Eumela.

Luc. The Soul doth give
Brightness to th' Eye, and some say, That the Sun,
If not enlight'ned by th' Intelligence
That doth inhabit it, would shine no more
Than a dull Clod of Earth : so Love, that is
Brighter than Eye, or Sun, if not enlight'ned
By Reason, would so much of Lustre lose
As to become but gross, and foul Desire ;
I must refine his Passion ; None can wooe
Nobly, but he that hath done Nobly too.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN.V.

To her *Florina* and *Malthora*.*Mal.* Y Our Highness here alone?*Luc.* But so long only

As gives you leave to ask. What? sad *Florina*?
 I'd thought your Soul had dwelt within it self,
 Been single a full presence, and that you
 Had set your self up your own Trophy now,
 Full of true Joy.

Flo. Tis hard to cast off that
 That we call Passion, we may veyl, and cloud it,
 But 'twill break out at last. True Joy is that
 Which now I cannot have.

Luc. How so *Florina*?

Flo. True Joy consists in Looks, and Words, and Letters,
 Which now an Absence, equall to Divorce,
 Hath wholly barr'd us of.

Luc. Looks, Words, and Letters!
 Alas they are but only so much Air
 Diversly form'd, & so the food of that
 Changeable Creature; not the Viands of
 True constant Lovers.

Flo. But, if I see not,
 Is not my Joy grown less, who could not love
 'Till I first saw? and if I hear not, can
 I have the perfect Harmony of pleasure,
 Who something owe to words that I first yeelded?

Luc. Who ever yet was won by words? we come
 Conquer'd, and when we grant, we do not yeeld,
 But do confess that we did yeeld before.
 But be those Senses some Contentments, Madam,
 You must not yet make them the great, and true

Essential

Essentiall Joy that only can consist
In the bright perfect Union of two Spirits.

Mal. But seeing those Spirits cannot work, but by
The Organs of the Body, 'tis requir'd
That (to the full perfection of this Joy)
Bodies should be near-Neighbours too.

Flo. I must
Confess that I subscribe unto the Princess,
And somwhat too to you: the Presence may
Conveigh, and fill, and polish Joy; but yet
To see, or hear, cannot be Joyes themselves.
And where this Presence is deny'd, the Soul
Makes use of higher, and more subtle means,
And by the strength of thought creates a Presence
Where there is none.

Mal. Alas! how we doe lose
Our selves in speculation of our Loves,
As if they were unbody'd Essences!

Luc. I would
Eumea now were here; Shee'd tell us, All
Is the same Joy, as Love from sight, or thought,
Is the same Love; and that Love's turning to
Either of them, is only but a Needle
Turning to severall points, no diverse flame,
But only divers degrees of the self-same.
Come Madam let's away and seek her out.

[*Extunt.*

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Charitus, Olyndus.

Cha. **N**ot see me, say you, though I were the Soul
Of all Mankind?

Oly. They were the words return'd —
But if he have a true undoubted friend,

Send

nd him, I'll tell him more.

Cha. Have I deserted

y Country, now in danger, where I had
ook Honour Captives, and for ever fixt her
s an Intelligence unto my Sword,
o move and guide it ? have I scorn'd my Fortunes,
nd laid aside the Prince ? have I contemn'd
hat much priz'd thing call'd Life, and wrestled with
oth Winds and Flouds, through which I have arriv'd
ither at last ? and all this not to see her ?

Olyn. Doth she betray, or undisguise you to
ne State ? Doth she forbid you, Sir, to love ?
fection is not wanting, where 'tis wise ;
ne only doth forbid you that you see her.

Cha. Only forbid me to be happy, only
orbids me to enjoy my self ; What could
ne more, were I her Enemy ? *Olyndus*
ast thou at no time told her, that there was
Cretan call'd thee Friend ?

Olyn. Why do you ask ?

Cha. Perhaps Sh'hath found this way to send for thee.

Oly. Though I have thought it worth the boasting, that
haristus is my friend, yet by that Word,
acred to Noble Souls, I never had
o much access to tell her any thing,
uch less my Friendship.

Cha. Thou shalt go *Olyndus*.

Olyn. When my eyes see her, yours do ; when I talk,
t is you that talk ; we are true friends, and one,
ay that one interchang'd ; for I am you.

Cha. 'Tis true thou art my friend, so much my friend,
hat my self am not more my self, than thou art :
f thou dost go, I go — But I say — Didst not
hou say mine eyes were thine ? thou didst : if that
e so, then thou must love her too, and then —

Olyndus thou must stay.

Olyn. She loves you so,
(As my *Eumela* doth inform me) that
No humane Image can deface the Print
That you have drawn i'th' Tablet of her Soul.

Cha. If that she loves me so, why then she must
Love thee so too; for thou and I are one.

Olyn. Why then, Sir, if you go your self, the issue
Will be the same however, so, when she
Loves you She'll love me too.

Cha. We are both one
In hearts and minds *Olyndus*: but those Minds
Are cloath'd with Bodies. Bodies that do oft —
I know not what — yet thou hast an *Eumela*,
A fair *Eumela* trust me — Thou must go —
But use not any Language, Gesture, Looks,
That may be constru'd ought above Respect;
For thou art young and Beautifull, and Valiant,
And all that Ladies long for.

Olyn. When I prove
So treacherous to my Friend, my self, my fair
Eumela, mark me with that hateful brand
That Ignominy hath not discover'd yet,
But doth reserve to rear the foulest Monster
That shall appear in Nature.

Cha. I beleeeve thee:
Yet something bids me still not let thee go.
But I'd not hearken to it; though my Soul
Should tell me 'twere not fit, I'd not beleeeve
My Soul could think so.

Olyn. How relieve you then?

Cha. Do what thou wilt. I do beleeeve — and yet
I do — I know not what — O my *Lucasia*!
O my *Olyndus*! divers waies I bend,
Divided 'twixt the Lover, and the Friend.

Exeunt.
ACT

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Olyndus to *Lucania in the Grove.*

Olyn. **M**ay't please your Highnes, Madam—I have a friend so much my self, that I Cann't say he's absent now, yet he hath sent me To be here present for him : we enterchange Boloms, and Counsels, Thoughts, and Souls so much, That he entreats you to conceive you spake To him in me ; All that you shall deposite Will be in safe, and faithfull Ears ; the same Trust you expect from him, shall keep your words, And the same Night conceal 'em : 'tis *Charistus* The noble *Cretan.*

Luc. When you said your Friend, The rest was needless ; I conceive him all That makes up Vertue, all that we call Good Whom you *Olyndus* give your Soul to ; yet I'd rather court his Valour, than his Love, Did he shine bright in Armour, call for Dangers, Eager to cut his way through stubborn Troops, Ev'n this my softnes, arm'd as he, could follow And prompt his Arm, supply him with fresh Fury, And dictate higher dangers. Then when Dust And Bloud hath smear'd him (a disguise more worthy Of Princes far, than that he wears) I could Embrace him fresh from Conquest, and conceive him As fair as ever any yet appear'd To longing Virgins in their Amorous Dreams.

Olyn. Fary could never from the Den of danger Awake that horror yet, that bold *Charistus*

Durſt not attempt, ſtand eqall with, and then
Conquer, and trample, and contemn.

Luc. Revenge

And Hate I do confefs, may ſometimes carry
The Soul beyond it ſelf to do, and ſuffer :
But the things then are Furious, not Great,
And ſign the Actor Headlong, but not Virtuous.

Olym. He that can do this, Madam, and Love too,
Muſt needs be virtuous ; that holy Flame
Clean and untainted, as the fresh desires
Of Infant Saints, enters not Souls that are
Of any foul Complexion. He that Loves,
Even in that he Loves, is good : and as
He is no leſs an Atheiſt, that denies
The Gods to be moſt happy, than the Man
That dares Affirm there are no Gods at all ;
So he's no leſs an Heretick, that ſhall
Deny Love to be Virtuous, than he
That dares Affirm there is no Love at all.

Luc. But he hath left his Country now, when that
Her Wealth, her Name, her Temples, and her Altars,
Her Gods, and Liberty, ſtand yet upon
Th' uncertain Dye; when Danger calls his Arm ,
And Glory ſhould arrest his Spirit there ;
And this to Court one , whom he knows not, whether
She may think Vertue a meer Airy word,
And Honour but a blaſt, invented to
Make catching Spirits dare, and do high things.

Olym. That you are Virtuous, is a knowledge, that
All muſt confefs they have, but only those
That have not Eyes : For if that Souls frame Bodies,
And that the Excellence of the Architect
Appear in the perfection of the Structure,
Whether you have a Soul enrich'd with vertues,
Muſt be a blind Man's doubt : Nature dares not

Thrust

Thrust out so much deceit into the World ;
 'Twould make us not beleeve her works were meant
 For true firm Peeces, but Delusions only.

Luc. Though I must not agree t' you, to pass by
 What you have said, If I were Vertuous,
 You must confess him so far ignorant yet,
 As not to know whether I'd Love, or no.

Oly. This Knowledge is of more Extent than th' other.
 For being that to be lov'd is the Effect
 Of your own worths, you must love all mens Loves
 As a Confession of your Graces, that
 Your selves have drawn from them. That which your
 Produceth, is a Birth as dear unto you, (Beauty
 As are your Children.

Luc. Should there more than one
 Love us (if this hold) we must love them too,
 And so that Sacred Tye that joyns the Soul
 To one, and but to one, were but a Fable,
 A thing in Poetry, not in the Creature.

Olyn. One is your Trophy : and he Lov'd as That
 The Rest but Witnesses : thus Princes, when
 They Conquer Princes, though they only count
 Those Names of Glory, and Renown, their Victory,
 Take yet their meaner Subjects in, as fair
 Accesses to their Triumphs, who, although
 They are not the main Prize, are somewhat yet
 That doth confirm that there was worth, and force,
 To which the Main did justly yeeld.

Luc. Be't then
 That I do love his Love, I am not yet
 Bound to accept it in what shape soever
 It doth appear ; the Manner, Time, and Place
 May not be relish'd, though the thing be lik'd.

Olyn. For these he doth expect your Dictates, with
 As much Religion, as he would the Answers

Of Sacred Oracles, and with the same
Vow of Performance.

Luc. You must tell him then,
He must go back, and there do Honorably ;
Succour his Country, cheer the Souldier, fight,
Spend, and disburse the Prince, where e'er he goes,
Get him a Name, and Title upon *Cyprus*.
I will not see him 'till he hath Conquer'd, till
He hath rid high in Triumph, and when this
Is done, let him consider then, it is
My Father, & my Subjects, and my Kingdom
That he hath Conquer'd.

Olyn. I am an Agent only,
And therefore must be faithful.

Luc. But withall
To shew that I reject him not, you may
Tell him, that being he hath such a friend,
Whiles he is absent I will love *Olyndus*
Instead of him.

[Exit *Lucasia*.

Olyn. But that my Friend is in me
I should have deem'd it Sacrilege, to have had
A thought like that suggested. My *Charistus*,
Were he not something carefull in his Love,
(I will not call him Jealous) were beyond
The Lot of Man : I must not tell him all,
Some may be hid ; yet how shall I unriddle
The Mystery of this Answer ? But the knots
That Love doth tye, himself will only find
The way to loose —

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

To him Charistus.

— And here *Charistus* comes.
Souls once possess'd, as his, are most impatient,
They meet what they should stay for.

Char.

Cha. Dear *Olyndus*,

Pardon that I expect not, but make hast
To intercept my Doom. Others perhaps
May wait the punctuall Minute, and observe
The just and even Period: but *Charistus*
Doth love too slow, when time, and Sun can bind him
Unto a regular Motion.

Olyn. Would you had

Been there your self! would you had drunk in all
The Looks, Words, Graces, and Divinities
That I have done! I'm like the Priest that's full
Of his inspiring God, and am posses'd
With so much rapture, that methinks I could
Bear up my self without a Wing, or Chariot,
And hover o'er the Earth, still dropping something
That should take root in Kingdoms, and come up
The Good of people.

Cha. Let me ask thee then

As we do those that do come fresh from Visions,
What saw'st thou there?

Olyn. That which I see still, that

Which will not out; I saw a Face that did
Seem to participate of Flames, and Flowers;
Eyes in which Light combin'd with Jet to make
Whiteness be thought the Blot, and Black hereafter
Purchase the Name of Innocence, and Lustre.
The whole was but one solid Light, and had I
Not seen our Goddess rising from the Flouds
Pourtray'd less fair, less Goddess, I had thought
The thing I saw, and talk'd with, must have been
The Tutelar Deity of this our Island.

Cha. That I should let thee go! that I should be
So impious to my self, as not to break
Her great Commands, and so become a Martyr
By daring to be happy 'gainst her will —

But on *Olyndus*.

Olyn. You may think this
The Height, the Acme, and the All of her;
But when I tell you, that She bath a Mind
That hides all this, and makes it not appear,
Disparaging as 'twere, what ever may
Be seen without her, then you'l thus exclaim;
Nature, thou wert o'reseen to put so mean
A Frontispeece to such a Building.

Cha. Give me,
O quickly give me the whole Miracle,
Or presently I am not.

Olyn. Think, *Charistus*,
Think out the rest, as 'tis, I cannot speak it.

Cha. Alas ! what should I think ?

Olyn. Conceive a Fire
Simple and thin ; to which that Light we see,
And see by, is so far impure, that 'tis
Only the stain, and blemish of the World ;
And if it could be plac'd with it in one
And the same Tablet, would but only serve
As bound and shadow to it : Then conceive
A Substance that the Gods have set apart,
And when they would put generous Motions
Into a Mortall Breast, do take the Soul
And couch it there, so that what e'er we call
Vertue in us, is only but a Turning
And Inclination toward her from whom
This Pow'r was first deriv'd.

Cha. What present God
Lent thee his Eyes, and stood blind by, whiles thou
Did'st gaze, and surfe't on these Glories ?

Olyn. Others
Do Love the shape, the Gesture, and the Man,
But She the Vertue. Mark *Charistus*. She

Saies

Saies She could Count you ring'd about with Dangers,
 Doat on you smear'd, and stiff with hostile Blood,
 Count and exact your wounds, as a due sum
 You are to pay to Valour ; All which when
 I told her was in Love, she said I did
 Present a spark, when she desir'd a full
 And glorious Constellation — to be short,
 She faies you must go back, do honourably,
 Get you a Name upon the *Cyprian Forces* ;
 And bids when you have done all this, consider
 It is her Father, and his Subjects, and
 His Kingdome that you conquer —

Cha. And her self

That I shall lose by doing so. If I
 Return, and *Crete* be Conquer'd, then She will
 Count me Spoyl, and Luggage ; and my Love
 Only a Slave's Affection. If I Conquer,
 And *Cyprus* follow my Triumphant Chariet,
 My Love wil then be Tyranny : and She,
 How can she light an Hymeneal Torch
 From her lov'd Countries Flame ? I am rejected,
Charistus is a Name of scorn.

Olyn. VVhat Fates

Dare throw that Name upon my Friend ? To shew
 That she rejects you not, because there is
 That Trust, that Faith, and that Confusion of
Charistus and *Olyndus* 'twixt us, in the mean
 VVhiles he is absent, tell him, saith she, that
 I'll love *Olyndus* in his stead.

Cha. How ! Man

Th' hast dealt dishonourably. This the Light ?
 And this the Fire that makes that Light attain ?

Olyn. This I foretold my selfe : my good *Charistus*
 Let not your Anger carry you beyond
 The bent of Reason ; can I give account

Of others Passions ? did I first conceive
The words my self; then speak 'em ?

Cha. O ye Gods !

Where is the Faith ? where the *Olyndus* now ?
Th' hast been a Factor for thy self : I'd thought
I'd sent a Friend, but he's return'd a Merchant,
And will divide the Wealth.

Oly. Far be that Brand

From your *Olyndus* ! far from your *Lucasia* !
She hath a Face hath so much Heaven in it,
And this *Olyndus* so much Worship of it,
That he must first put on another Shape,
And become Monster, e'r he dare but look
Upon her with a thought that's Masculine.

Cha. Peace Treachery ! I am too cold; my Anger
Is dull and lazy yet. I'll search that Breast,
And dig out falsehood from the secret'st Corner
In all thy Heart, here, in the very place
That thou hast wrong'd me.

Oly. There is nothing here
That my *Charisias* knows not. 'Pray you open,
And search, and judge ; and when you find all true,
Say you destroy'd a Friend.

Cha. It is your Art
I see to woe, but I will make you speak
Something that is not Flattery.

Oly. *Olyndus*
Ne'r lov'd the Man as friend yet, whom he did
Fear as an Enemy. 'I is one part of Valour
That I durst now receive, conceal, and help you,
Here in the Bosome of that State, which hath
Cast out a spear into the Cretan Field,
And bid you War.

Cha. Thou hast already here
Betray'd my Love ; thy falsehood will proceed

Unto my Person next. I'd thought I'd been
Clasp'd in Embraces, but I find I am
Entangled in a Net.

Olyn. Y'are safe as in
The Bosome of your Father, take this Veyl
Of Passion from your Eyes; and you'l behold
The same *Olyndus* still.

Cha. The same Deceiver,
The same false perjur'd Man. Draw, or by Heaven,
That now should Thunder and revenge my wrongs,
Thou shalt dye sluggishly.

Olyn. Recall your self,
And do but hear —

Cha. What words a Coward will
Fawn on me with, to keep an abject life,
Not worth the saving.

Olyn. Witnes all ye Gods
That govern Friendship, how unwillingly
I do unty the Knot.

Cha. Draw quickly, lest
It may be known I am the *Cretan* Prince,
And so my juster Fury be not suffer'd
To scourge a timorous and perfidious Man.

Oly. Though thou stand'lt here an Enemy, and we have
The Pledge of all the *Cretan* State, yet know
Though all our Island's People did look on,
And thou proclaim'lt thy self to be the Man,
They should not dare to know the Prince, untill
I'd done this Sacrifice to Honour.

Cha. So!

They fight, and wound each other dangerously,
And then retire, Charistus to *Lucafia's* Myrtle,
And *Olyndus* to the next adjoyning, and lean-
ing there speak.

Olyn.

Oly. I have not long to stay 'mongst Mortals now,
 And then you may search all those Corners that
 You talk'd of in my Heart. But if you find
 Ought that is falsehood towards you, or more
 Than reverence to *Lucasia*, may I want
 The Honour of a Grave —— Hear O ye Gods,
 (Ye Gods whom (but a while) and I am with)
Lucasia is as spotless, as the Seat
 That you prepare for Virgin Lovers !

Cha. I

Have wrong'd thee, my *Olyndus*, wrong'd thee much,
 But do not chide me ; there's not life enough
 Left in me to make use of Admonition.

Oly. If you survive, love your *Lucasia* ; 'twill
 Make your *Olyndus* happy ; for the good
 Of the surviving Friend, some holy men
 Say, doth pertain unto the Friend Departed.

Cha. Virtuous *Lucasia* ! and hadst thou *Olyndus*
 Not been so too, my Gods had fought for me ;
 But I must dye —— *Olyndus*. [Charistus faints.]

Oly. Heaven forbid
 That my *Charistus* perish ! I have only
 Strength left to wish : If I can creep yet to thee
 I'll help thee all I can. [Olynd. sinks]

Cha. And I will meet thee ;
 [They creep one to the other and so embrace.]
 Let us embrace each other yet. The Fates
 Preserve our Friendship, and would have us equall,
 Equall ev'n in our Angers : we shall go
 Down equall to the Shades both, two waies equall,
 As Dead, as Friends. And when *Lucasia* shall
 Come down unto us (which the Heavens forbid
 Should be as yet) I'll not be Jealous there.

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

To them as they lye groveling, and embrasing thus,
Machessa and Philænis.

Phl. **O** Me! Good Heavens! had you the Balsam, Lady,
Now that you told me of, 'twould do some good.

Mach. This is *Olyndus*, that the honour'd stranger;
Brave Spirits are a Balsam to themselves:
There is a Nobleness of Mind, that heals
Wounds beyond Salves—look not, but help *Philenis*,
Gather the Weapons, and the rest up quickly;
Where two are wrong'd, I ought to succour both.

Machessa carries
them out.

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Lucasta, Florina, Malibora, Eumela.

Lu. **M** Adam, ne'r fear your Dream, for that is only
The reliques of your day-time thoughts, that are
Preserv'd by our Soul, to make a Scene i'th' Night.

Eum. Have you not dream'd the like before?

Mal. Yes thrice.

Eum. Why then *Pastarus* now hath perish'd thrice,
Or else y' have sometimes dream'd in vain.

Flor. Eumela,
I told her this, and that her troubled Sleeps
Were one Love still waking.

Luc. Wee'l divert

This anxious fear. Reach me the Lute *Eumela*.
Have you not heard how *Venus* did complain
For her belov'd *Adonis*? The young Poet,
That was desir'd to give a Language to
Th' afflicted Goddess, thought her words were these.

The

The Ode.

Cal,

VV Ake my Adonis, do not dye ;
One Life's enough for thee and I.

Where are thy words ? thy wiles ?

Thy Loves, thy Frowns, thy smiles ?

Alas in vain I call ;

One death hath snatch'd 'em all :

Yet Death's not deadly in that Face,

Death in those Looks it self hath Grace,

'Twas this, 'twas this I feard

When thy pale Ghost appear'd ;

This I presag'd when thund'ring Jove

Tore the best Myrtle in my Grove ;

When my sick Rose-buds lost their smell,

And from my Temples un-touch'd fell ;

And 'twas for some such thing

My Dove did hang her Wing.

Whither art thou my Deity gone ?

Venus in Venus there is none.

In vain a Goddess now am I

Only to Grieve, and not to dye.

But I will love my Grief,

Make Tears my Tears relief ;

And Sorrow shall to me

A new Adonis be.

And this no Fads can rob me of, whiles I

A Goddess am to Grieve, and not to Dye.

Flor. Madam, they say 'twas in this very Grove
The Goddess thus complain'd.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

To them Philanis with a couple of Napkins.

Eum. How now *Philanis*?

Phi. Are you turn'd Sewer to the Lady-Errant?

Phi. Lady I'm sent to wipe away the Bloud
From these two Myrtles.

Eum. Bless me! what Bloud *Philanis*?

Luc. I hope the Song will not prove ominous.

Phi. 'Tis fit we have some Wars at home too, else
My Lady would have no employment left.

Luc. What Wars? whose Bloud?

Phi. A pair of froward Lovers,
Olyndus, and the Stranger, fought, it seems,
Here till they almost kill'd themselves: and when
Neither did fear, but both did faint, it seems
Olyndus lean'd there, and the Stranger there,
And with their Blouds befmeard the Trees a little;
We did not think your Highness should have seen it.

They rise amaz'd, the Princess repairs to the Tree
where Charitus bled, and Eumela to the Tree
where her *Olyndus* bled.

Luc. Is this *Olyndus* way of mingling Souls?

Eum. Is this the Others Enterchange of Breasts?

Luc. O Heavens! durst your *Olyndus* thus?

Eum. O Heav'n's,

And O ye Gods too! durst that other this?

Luc. Did he then stay behind for this *Eumela*?

Eum. And did he leave his Country to destroy
One worth it all, here in our very Bosoms?

Luc. H' has ruin'd one, whose like if Nature will
Shew to the World again, she must lay up,

And

And gather, till she hath store enough of Graces
To throw into the World.

Eum. *Olyndus* stood

As high, and brave as he, his Enemy had
But this advantage of him, that he was
A *Cretan*, as by Birth, so too in Faith.

Luc. Were he the Birth of some unshelter'd Cottage,
He were yet fairer in the Eye o'th' World
Than e'r *Olyndus* could have been, in that
He was a Prince's thoughts ; 'twas I that lov'd him.

Eum. Although the Name of Princess be upon you,
And signs you Dread, and Sovereign, yet I must
Tell you that Love's a Princess too in me,
And stamps as much Heroick Majesty
Upon my Thoughts, as Birth hath done on yours.

Luc. Though, as a Princess, I could make thy Love
And thee forgotten Names, yet I depole
My self, and am thy Equall.

Eum. 'Tis no need
That you descend, Love carries up *Eumela*
To be as high as is her Prince, and
In this sad Fate placeth her equall with
Her Dread *Lucasia*.

Luc. Hear, hear this brave man !
And if thou liv'st revenge it on *Olyndus*.

Eum. And thou the spirit of my dear *Olyndus*,
Be thou still worthy, still thy self. Speak thou
O Nature, was there not the same clay knead
To make our Hearts ? did not the same Fire kindle
Our Souls ? and thou, O Love, was't not the same
Metall that wounded both ? you must not count
The Prince's into th' worth of your Affection ;
Love when he ballanceth the Hearts that come
Under his Power, casts not in their Births,
Fortunes, and Titles.

Luc. Would some powerfull God
Would change our Persons, and make thee *Lucasia*,
And me *Eumela*, that I might avow
The justice of my Love in spight of State.

Mal. Forbear *Eumela*.

Flor. 'Tis the Prince's speaks.

Eum. Nor Prince, nor Subject speaks, but Love in both.

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

To them Macheffa. They leave their
Trees, and repair
to Macheffa.

Flo. Ere's one can tell you all.

Luc. Say, good *Macheffa*,
How doth the Stranger?

Eum. Lives *Olyndus* yet?

Mac. Both live, but wounded much, yet hopes of both;
For they are Friends, and as their Minds have clos'd,
Their wounds may shortly too.

Luc. How fell they out?

Mach. I heard the Stranger, Madam, thus confess,
As our *Olyndus* did embrace him; Thou
Wert honourable, my *Olyndus*, ever;
But I was foul, and Jealous: then *Olyndus*
Fell on his Neck, told him 'twas only heat,
And strength of Love; and vow'd he'd never tell
The cause and ground o'th' Quarrell: but the Stranger
Swore by his Gods, and Altars, that he would
Go find, and tell, and ask the Deity
Forgiveness first, then him — I heard no more
But only sighs from either.

Luc. 'Twas too much —

That I should throw away my grief for one
That durst have such a thought! *Charitus*, you

And

And I are both deceiv'd in one another ;
 And, poor *Olyndus*, deerly hast thou paid
 For both our Errors —

[aside.]

— *Machezza*, as you love me
 Be carefull of *Olyndus*, for the other —

My care hath been more than he's worth already — [aside.]

Flo. Eumela,

The Princess is much troubled, pray heav'n your freedom
 Did not offend her Highness.

Eum. I hope it did not :

Madam, if too much Love made me forge ;
 And pass the bounds of Duty, humbly, I beg
 Your Graces pardon, beseeching you t' impute
 My folly to my Passion.

Luc. Call't not Passion,

'Twas Reason to Contest : Love's Kingdom is
 Founded upon a Parity ; Lord, and Subject,
 Master, and Servant, are Names banish'd thence ;
 They wear one Fetter all, or, all one Freedom.

Eum. There was some Spirit spake within me, 'twas —

Luc. Alas ! excuse it not : all that do Love,
 In that they love, are equall, and above none,
 None, but those only whom the God denies

The honour of his Wound — *Eumela*, hear me, *Whispers*
Charistus is grown foul, and thy *Olyndus* *her.*
 Is now my Martyr, for my sake he bleeds,
 And I, for this, will make *Charistus* know,
 That he, who doubts his Friend, is his own Foe.

Exeunt.

ACT.

ACTIV. SCENE I.

Adraste, Lucia, Malthora, Florina, Eumela, Cosmeta, Pandena, Rhodia, Machezza, late as at Parliament.

Adr. **M**Y Lady Martiall, and the rest Mercuriall,
Woman's the Gem of Heaven, in which Na-
Hath carv'd the Universe in leis Characters ; (ture
A Peece of such Invention, and such Art,
That, where as in one common lazy Mold
Made for dispatch, she casts, and thrusts out Men,
As some things done in haste, she may be said
To build, and send forth us ; yet (howsoever
It comes about) in all foretimes and Ages
Councils and Senats have excluded us,
Thinking us like those finer Wits, which spit
Themselves into such subt'le Fancies, that
They are too Curious to be employ'd,
Being as far from Service, as from Grossness :
But this hath been from Errour, not from Tryall :
Grant me their Composition stronger, grant me
Their Bodie's ruder, and more fit for Wars,
Which some yet here do happily contradict,
I cannot yet conceive, why this should bind us
To be their Slaves ; our Souls are Male, as theirs.
That we have hitherto forborn t' assume
And manage Thrones, that hitherto we have not
Challeng'd a Soverainty in Arts, and Arms,
And writ our selves Imperiall, hath been
Mens Tyranny, and our Modesty. Being then
Nature did mean us Soveraigns, but croſſ Fate
(Envious of her, willing that nothing should

Be perfect upon Earth) still kept us under ;
 Let us, i'th' name of Honour, rile unto
 The pitch of our Creation. Now's the time ;
 The best and ablest men are absent, those
 That are left here behinde are either Fooles,
 Or Wise men overgrown, which is all one.
 Assert your selves into your Liberty then,
 Stand firm, and high, put these good Resolutions
 Forth into Action : then, in spight of Fate,
 A Female Hand shall turn the Wheel of State.

Om. Inspi'r'd Adraſte !

Om. Most divine Adraſte !

Adr. If that you relish this let Mistris Speaker
 On to the rest.

Om. On, on, on, on, on, on !

Eum. Most Willing, most Agreeing, most Potent,
 And most free Ladies, &c. —

'Tis fit all things should be reduc'd unto
 Their Primeve Institution, and first Head ;
 Woman was then as much as Man, thole Stones
 Which *Pyrrha* cast, made as fair Creatures as
Deucalion's did : that his should be set up
 Carv'd, and Ador'd, but hers kept down, and trampled,
 Came from an ancient Injury ; what Oracle, and
 What voice from Heaven commanded that ?

Cof. Most true !

Observe that Ladies.

Pan. *Sibyl's Leaf by Juno !*

Eum. He that laies Woman is not fit for Policy,
 Doth give the Lie to Art ; for what man hath
 More sorts of Looks ? more Faces ? who puts on
 More severall Colours ? Men, compar'd in this,
 Are only Dough bak'd Women ; not as once
 Maliciously one call'd us Dough-bak'd Men.

Cof. 'Tis no single

Voice;

Voice ; the whole Sex speaks in her.

Eum. Some few yet

Do speak against our Passions, but with greater ;
 Rail at our Lightness, but 'tis out of Humour ;
 Rather Disease than Reason ; they being such
 As Wipe off what they spit. For Heav'n forbid
 That any should vouchsafe to speak against us
 But rough Philosophers, and rude Divines,
 And such like dull Professions. But wee know
 Shew them our Passions are our Reasons Edge,
 And that, which they call Lightness, only is
 An Art to turn our selves to severall Points.

Time, Place, Minds, People, all things now concur
 To re-estate us there where Nature plac'd us :
 Not a Male more must enter *Cyprus* now.

Cof. No, nor an Eunuch, nothing that hath been
 Male heretofore.

Pan. No, nor Hermophrodite ;
 Nothing that is half Male. A little Spark
 Hath often kindled a whole Town ; we must
 Be cautious in the least.

Eum. That then they may not
 Regain the Island, all the Havens must
 Be stor'd, and guarded.

Cof. Very fit they should.

Eum. Next to the Havens, Castles out of hand
 Must be repair'd, Bulwarks, and Forts, and Sconces
 Be forthwith rear'd.

Cof. 'Tis time we were about them.

Eum. Arms then must be bought up, and Forces rais'd,
 Much, much is to be done—

Pan. Why let *Macheffa*
 About it straight.

Eum. I see agreeing Minds,
 Your Hearts and Courage very ready, but

Where is the Nerve and Sinew of this Action?
Where shall we have the Mony to do this?

Cof. We'll give our hair for Cordage, and our finest
Linnen for Sails, rather than this Design
Shall be once dash'd for want.

Pan. There's much already
Come in——

Cof. And more doth dayly.

Pan. Hearts and Purses
Concur unto the Action.

Cof. We have Notes
Of the particular Contributions.

Eum. Her Majesty would have you read 'em, that
She may know what to trust to.

Cof. From the Temple [She reads.]
We do expect ten dozen of Chalices,
But they are hid, or else already gone —

Eum. This is not what you have, but what y' have not.
Cof. We tell you this, that you mayn't take it ill,
That we ha'n't borrow'd some o'th' Holy Plate.
Well then, to what we have — First from the Court
Ten Vessels of Corinthian Brass, with divers
Peeces of *Polyclet*, and *Phyd:as*,
Parrhasius, *Zeuxes*, and *Protogenes*,
Apelles, and such like great Master-hands.

Eum. Statues, and Pictures do but little good
Against the Enemy.

Cof. Pray y' hear it out :
Rich Cabinets then, which, though they do contain
Treasure immense and large, have nothing yet
Within them richer than themselves.

Eum. What hold they ?
Cof. Pearls, Rubies, Emralds, Amethysts, and Saphirs,
Crytolits, Jaipers, Diamonds, two whereof
Do double the twelfth Caract : besides Sparks

Enough

Enough to sticke the Roof o'th' Banqueting House,
And make it seem an Heav'n.

Eum. VVell, on *Cosmete*.

Cos. Twelve standing Goblets, two more rich and
The one bears *Bacchus* sitting on a Vine, (massy,
Squeezing out Purple liquor, Th' other hath
Silenus riding on his patient Beast,
And Satyrs dancing after him. More yet,
Twelve other less engraven with less Stories,
As Loves, and Months, and Quarters of the year,
Nymphs, Shepheards, and such like—This from the Court.

Eum. VVhat from the City?

Pan. Purple Robes, and Furs

[*Pan.* reads,

In great abundance—Basons and large Ewers,
Flagons, and Dishes, Plates, and Voyders, all
Rich and unwieldy. And besides all this,
Gold Chains, and Caudle-Cups innumerable.

Eum. The Contribution's much—

Pan. But yet not ended —

Twelve City Ladies send us word, they have
Twelve Iron Chests, and rib'd with Iron too,
VWherein they do suspect there lies a Mine,
That hath not seen the Sun for six *Olympiads*.

Eum. Let 'em be got in suddenly; we must
Be hot and eager in our undertakings.

The VVealth's enough; the East was overrun
By the bold *Macedonian* Boy with less.

VWas't not *Macheffa*? But I pray you nothing
From the poor Country Villagers?

Pan. Very little;

Hoop-rings, and Childrens VVhistles, and some forty
Or fifty dozen of gilt-Spoons, that's all.

Eum. Let it be hastily deliver'd all
Into her Majesties Treasury.

Cos. Under favour,

We think *Macheffa* would be very fit
Both to take in, and to disburse.

Eun. It is not
For any private Interest that She asks it,
But for the Publike good.

Pan. Perhaps. But yet
The People will think better, if it be
Entrusted in a Subject's hand, and Hers
Especially who never had a Husband-

Cof. No, nor a Child as yet.

Adr. Why be it so;
You shall dispose't *Macheffa*.

Mach. I consider
The trust you give me; see the weight, and Nature,
The Price and Moment of the Caute; Know next
My Order binds me not to be endow'd
With any Wealth or Utensill, besides
My Steed, my Habit, Arms, and Page; To which
When I prove false, let him that weaves my Story
(Whether he be a Courtier, or perhaps
A Scholar that writes worse) bring me no higher
Than to scratch'd Faces, and such Suburb brangles.
Truth is the Essence of our Order, we
Who are Errants cannot deceive and Be.

Adr. Let us away: though the Male-Gods may frown,
The Female part of Heaven is sure our own [She whis. Eu.

Eun. Noble *Macheffa* all your deeds I see Ex. Adraſt.
Cal. &c.
Manent Eu.
Macheſſia.
Tend to the Scope of Honour.

Mach. Were she seated
Upon the top of some high craggy Rock,
Whose Head were in the Country of the Thunder,
Guarded with watchfull Dragons, I will climb,
And ravish her from thence, to have my Name
Turn'd o'r from Age to Age, as something that
Ought to outlive the Phœnix, and dye only

With

With Men and Time.

Eum. Though you Court Danger thus,
I hope you will not scorn bright Glory, if
She come an easier way.

Macb. I look to her,
Not to her Cloaths, and Habit.

Eum. Will you be
Famous in History then? fill swelling Volumes
With your sole Name? be read aloud, and high
I'th' *Cyprian Annals*? and live fresh upon
The Tongue of Fame for ever? will you stand
High on your Steed in Brass, and be at once
The stop of Strangers, and the Natives Worship,
By one fair Peacfull Action?

Macb. Brave *Eumela*,
To say I'l do't is lazy; it is done.

Eum. 'Tis the Queen's fute besides,
And She shall thank you.

Macb. Honour is my Queen,
And my Deeds thank themselves. But say, *Eumela*,
Quickly, what is't?

Eum. Why only send this Wealth,
That's put into your hands, unto the Army,
And so defeat this folly that they here
So eagerly pursue.

Macb. By Heav'n I'll first
Scatter the Ashes of my Ancestors,
Burn and demolish Temples, or pull down
The Statue of our Goddess, whiles her self
Stood with the proudest thunder to defend it;
You ought to thank me, that you have popos'd it,
And yet still live.

Eum. But pray you reason it.

Macb. Follies of idle Creatures! who e'r heard
Of Ladies Errant yet that stood to Reason?

But you that brag of Books, and Reading, and
I know not what unnecessary Learning,
Tell me, did brawny *Hercules*, who wand'red
I'th' Lion's skin, and Club, or well-set *Thesens*
That trod his steps, e'r do the like?

Eum. No. VVomen

Ne'r came to such a pitch of danger yet
As to be banish'd all: then who e'r trusted
Thesens, or *Hercules* with ten Drachmas? who
Could know their Minds that way? This single deed
VVill make *Macheffa* go beyond his Pillars,
And th' other's Fame. They quell'd but single Robbers,
You will defeat thousands of Rebels. They
Help'd some poor Village, or some Town perhaps,
You will redeem a Nation.

Mach. Thou say'st something;
But I shall break my faith.

Eum. To whom? to those
That have before broke theirs unto their Prince?

Mach. They'll curse me too.

Eum. As bold *Macheffa* hunts not
The Praise of People, so she can contemn
Their Curse, when she doth well. Consider too
Nations will curse you more if you assist 'em.

Mach. But 'tis against my Order to deceive.

Eum. 'Tis more against your Order to assist
Rebellious Persons 'gainst their King. Besides,
Doth not your Oath enjoyn you to relieve
Distressed men? who more distressed now
Than is the King, and th' Army? fear not words;
You are not Treacherous unto them, but faithfull
Unto your self. Why stands this Helmet here?
VVhy do you wear this Fauchion? to what use
Carry this Javelin?

Mach. Not to help women; no,

Men

Men are my Oath. All shall be sent *Eumela*,
The King must have it : wee'l be famous —

Eum. But

You must be secret 'till it all come in,

Mach. And you'l assist me in the sending of 't ?

Eum. Take you no care for that, 'tis done.

Mach. But will

The Queen not take it ill ?

Eum. 'Tis her great fear,

You'l scarce be brought to yeeld it up. Away,

Go, and delude 'em on, y'are safe, and may

Deceive in Conscience now.

Mach. Bellona bless thee !

[Exit *Machessa*.]

Eum. But how shall we now convey it to 'em ?

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

To her *Philondas* and *Pæstanus* as having stolen from
the Army.

—Heav'ns of the Plot ! No fitter men. *Love* bless me !
My Lord *Philondas*, and my Lord *Pæstanus* !
This your appearance to me's like the first
Appearance to a new admitted Priest,
And I am quite as doubtfull now as he,
Not knowing whether 't be my fancy, or
The God, that makes the Vision.

Phil. Dear *Eumela*,

Thou know'st we do appear to Ladies still
In very flesh and bloud. Though we may talk
Of spirituall Love, my Lord, and I, you know,
Could ne'r creep in at Key-holes yet ; I'm sure
We pay for th' opening of the doors, *Eumela*.

Eum. My Lord you make *Pæstanus* blush.

Pæs. I hope

I am not so ill bred *Eumela*.

Eum. Troth

The Camp hath spoyl'd you both. The *Cretan* Ladies
They say are far beyond our *Cyprus* Dames.

Phi. Yes to cleave Logs, and carry Burthens,

Eum. But

I mean for Beauty.

Phi. In whose Eyes, *Eumela*?

In the Town-Buls?

Eum. They say the Gods have chang'd
Shapes, to come down, and visit 'em.

Pest. 'Twas that
They might be like 'em then.

Phi. For *Jove* could never
Be a fit Husband for 'em, till he had
Got horns, and hoofs.

Eum. Saw you no Children there?

Pest. What then *Eumela*? ha'n't you read of Creatures
That have Conceiv'd by th' Air?

Phi. Don't think of any
Such thing as man? The Wind and Sun *Eumela*,
Get all the Children there; that makes 'em bluster,
And rage so furiously when they are old.

Pest. Come, we lose time; where is *Malthora* pretheed?
Phi. Answer him not; by *Venus*, these young Husbands
Are as impatient as a hungry Courtier,
Or a rich Heir come newly to his Means;
Do you hear me ask for *Florina* yet?

Eum. 'Tis not in fashion, Sir, to love your Lady—

Phi. At least you ought not to profess it.

Pest. I

Dare I swear, though none professeth less, yet none
Loves more than you my Lord.

Phi. 'Tis i'th' dark then;
Day-light and Love are two things. But, *Eumela*,

What

What do they do for Men now we are absent?
Do they take Physick, or else Pray?

Eum. My Lord,
Their Griefs are in your places,

Phi. Have their sighs
Got Limbs, and Bodies? Can their sadness give 'em
Comfort at Midnight?

Eum. They posses it with
A kind of sweetnes, are so tender of it,
That should they part with it, they'd think they had
A second los.

Past. How can they pass away
Their time with that?

Eum. Why 'tis as necessary
To them as Friend, or Confident.

Past. But tell me
How does Malthora bear it?

Eum. Sir, she finds
That solitude in her self, that others do
Look for in Defarts.

Past. Come my Lord, let's go
And help 'em to sigh for us.

Eum. They're to come
Hither my Lord; pray stand behind these hangings
Till I discover the whole Scene; In quickly.
Here, here they come.

Ex. Past. and Phi-

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

To Her Florina, Malthora.

Mal. Bef me *Eumela*! I

B Must get me Mens apparell, and go see
How all things stand abroad; I did but close
Mine Eyes, and presently me thought the Ghost

Of

Of my *Pestanus* did appear before me,
Wotnaded, and bloudy, and as soon as I
Went to embrace him, vanish'd into air.

Eum. You are so fearfull, Madam, and do fancy
Danger and death so strongly, that if he
Were at this instant present here before you
You'd not beleieve your Eyes. Madam *Florina*
What's that you look on so?

Flor. It is, *Eumela*,
The Picture of my Lov'd *Philondas*, as
He had his Armour on, (and O the Heav'n's
That he should ever be in such a Habit)
But Fates would have it so ; 'twas young *Protagenes*
Took it before he went. Me thinks it sometimes
Deth move, and alter Colour, and endeavour
To get loose, and come out.

Eum. Have you the Picture
Of your Lord Madam too ?

Mal. Yes here, *Eumela*,
Drawn by the same hand : is't not very like him ?

Eum. Methinks they're neither true : I've both then
Though not in Armour, and as I remember (Statues,
They don't agree with them.

Flor. Pray y'let's examine
To pass the time a'while.

Eum. I've newly put 'em
Both into Habits, and me thinks they look
So fresh, and lively, that I might mistake'em,
But that I know they're absent ; look you here. She draws
the hangings
and shows
'em.
Does not this look more like *Philondas* far,
And this more like *Pestanus* than the Tablets?
You must not come too near : I'll leave y'a while
To view, and judge. [Exit Eumela.]

Flor. Good Heav'n's ! my Lord *Philondas* !

Mal.

Mal. My dear *Pæstanus*!

Phil. I am come you see
A pretty jant here to fulfil the longing
Of a young Novice-Husband.

Pæst. The first day
That *Hymen* joyn'd us, brought not truer joy
Unto my Soul than this.

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

To them Eumela.

Eum. **M**Y Lords, the Queen
Is come to make a visit to your Ladies :

What will you do ?

Phil. Go and conduct her in. [Ex. *Phil. Pæst.*]

Eum. Now Madam? does your Husband vanish, when
You offer to embrace him ?

Mal. O *Eumela*

He's gone already. This his short appearance
Is only as th' appearance of a Star
To one that's perishing in a Tempest.

Flor. 'Tis
Only to let us die with some more Comfort,
Were they to stay *Eumela* —

Eum. This disjoyning
Of Bodies, only is to knit your hearts ;
You'l form their Pictures in your Thoughts perhaps,
And once or twice more look behind the Hangings.

Mal. Peace good *Eumela* ! here's the Queen.

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN.V.

To them *Adraste, Philonidas, Peftamus.*

Adr. **C**haristus,

Heir to the *Cretan* Kingdom lost say you?

Phi. Yes, and suspected to lye hid in *Cyprus*.

Adr. And this is that doth stop the War?

Peft. This, and

Th' Equality of Forces.

Adr. Do our men

Awake, and rouze themselves?

Phi. Rich noble Spirits,

And Minds that have kept Altars burning still,
To Glory break out dayly, shewing how
Peace and Religion did not sink, but calm 'em:
This blast will swell'em big, and high, and make 'em
Ride Conquerours o'r the Flouds.

Adr. They do not sleep then?

Phi. No, nor watch lazily; the World will see,
He, whose blest goodness hath kept War from us;
Hath not took Courage from us too; When his
Sad study'd Councils did remove the danger,
They did not then remove the Mind. The Army
Of this days *Cyprus*, if provok'd, will strike
As deep as *Cyprus* six Olympiads backwards,
And the unquiet *Cretan* shall appear
But as he did of old, our Exercise,
More than our Foe: a people that we suffer
To breath, and be, to keep our selves in breath.

Adr. What doth the King?

Peft. More than the meanest souldier,
Yet still comes fresh from Actions: his Commands
Are great, but his Examples greater still.

Phil.

Phi. With his uncover'd head he dares the Thunder,
 Slights hail and snow, and wearies out a Tempest,
 Then after all he shakes himself, and gives
 Rain, as the Heavens did before, but with
 A more serene Aspect. He doth exact
 Labour, and hardness, hunger, heat, and cold,
 And dust, as his Prerogatives, and counts them
 Only his serious Pleasures ; Others Wars
 Are not so manly as his Exercises,
 And pitch'd Fields often are more easie service
 Than his meer Preparations.

Adr. 'Tis enough ;
 Y'have spoke a Composition, so made up
 Of Prince and Souldier, that th' admiring World
 May imitate, not equall. Come, my Lords,
 I have a busines to employ you back with.

Exeunt.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

Lucasia, Eumela, Charissus, Olyndus.

Luc. I must confess, had not this Action been
 Tainted with private Interest, but born
 From zeal unto the Publique, then it might
 Have been read Valour, as it is, it will
 Be stil'd but Fury.

Eum. Madam it had then
 Been only Valour, now 'tis Love and Valour.

Luc. VVhere those Religious Names, King, Country,
 Are trampled over, can you call it Valour ? (Father,

Chas. If trampled o'r for you. To hazard all
 These holy Names, of Subject unto King,
 Of Prince to Country, and of Son to Father,
 And whil'st I spar'd to shed the smallest drop

Of

Of Bloud, that might be once call'd yours, to have
 That ignominious Name of Coward hurl'd on me,
 And take up all their Places ; what else is it
 But to esteem your self a Prize, that doth
 Absolve me from all these, and make me stand
 Above the rate of mortals.

Olym. Father, Country,
 State, Fortunes, Commonwealth, th're Names that Love
 Is not concern'd it ; that looks higher still,
 And overlees all these.

Luc. It is not Love then ;
 For that, as it is Valiant, so it is
 Just, Temperate, Prudent, summons all those Noble
 Heroick Habits into one rich Mās,
 And stamps them Honour.

Eum. But that Honour is
 A Valour beyond that of Mortals, striving
 Who shall posses most of this Mole-hill Earth.

Olym. That Honour is a Justice, that doth see
 Measures, and Weights, Axes, and Rods below it.

Ez. A Temperance not concern'd in Meats, and Wines.

Olym. A Prudence that doth write *Charistus* now
 A better Patriot, than the sober'l Statesman
 That plots the good of *Crete*.

Luc. If he that cares not
 For things, be thence above them ; if he sees
 More nobly, that doth draw the Veyl before
 His Eyes to Lower Objects, then *Charistus*
 Soares high, and nothing scapes him.

Cha. Fair *Lucasia*,
 I am not so immodest, as to challenge
 The least of these my self : but yet in that
 I love your Vertues, they are all mine own,

Luc. And yet you fear'd I was another, whom
 I durst not publicuely avow. Do y'think

My Love could shou'd stoop to such Contrivances ?
 Or if I meant a subject of such worth,
 I needed to pretend a Prince ?

Olyn. It is not

Lucasia's Love, that dares not call the Eye
 Of Day to try it : But where Love's engag'd
 To such a Treasure as your self, what can
 Be thought secure ? It stands and watches still,
 And fears it's very helps ; could any love
Lucasia and be careleſs, 'twere a faul'e
 Would make him not deserve her.

Luc. Could you then
 Think I could be so impious unto Love
 As to divide *Eumela* and *Olyndus* ?
 Or else so treacherous unto Friendship, as
 To part *Eumela* and my self ? Being Hearts
 Are Temples, and both sorts of Love most Sacred,
 To have wrong'd either had been Sacrilege
 Worthy the horrid'ſt Thunder.

Eum. Love drinks in
 All that may feed ſuſpicion, but is deaf
 To what may clear it ; 'tis engag'd ſo much
 To th' Object, that it views the Object only,
 And weighs not what attends it.

Luc. Where the Heart
 Offends, you blame the Paſſion. Love it ſelf
 Is never undiſcreet, but he that Loves.

Cha. Wildome and Love at once were never yet
 Permitted to a God. I muſt not then
 Presume they meet in me. If Love admits
 Diſcretion, if it Ponder, and Conſider,
 Search, and Compare, and Judge, and then Reſolve,
 'Tis Policy, not Affection : give it Eyes,
 Counſell, and Order, and it ceaſeth. What
 Thought it firſt brake from out the Chaos ? 'twas

e

To

To make another in the Creature. Distance,
Figure, and Lineament are things that come
From something more Advis'd ; Love never leads,
It still transports. The Motions which it feels
Are Fury, Rapture, Extasie, and such
As thrust it out full of Instinct, and Deity,
To meet what it desires.

Luc. Alas ! it self

Hath Eyes, but 'tis our Blindness that doth veyl them :
If Love could not consist with Wisdome, then
The World were govern'd by one generall Madness.

Olynd. 'Tis not deni'd but that we may have Wisdom
Before we Love, as men may have good Eyes
Before they fix them on the Sun : but dwell they
A while upon it, and they straight grow blind
From thole admired Beauties.

Luc. But if Love

Do not consider, why then doth it fear ?
Why doth it form *Chimeras* to it self,
And set up Thought 'gainst Thought ? why is't alike
Tortur'd with Truth, and Falshood ? why afflicted
As much from Doubts, as Certainties ?

Cva. This is

Not from Distrust, but Care ; Love is not perfect
Till it begins to fear. It doth not know
The worth of that it seeks, unlesse it be
Anxious, and troubled for it ; And this is
Not any thought of Blemish in the thing
It loves, but only Study to preserve it.

Lu. Who puts a Snake 'mongst Flowers to preserve 'em ?
Or who pours Poysion into Crystall that
It may be kept from cracking ? Jealousie
What art thou ? thou couldst not come down from Hea-
For no such Monsters can inhabit there. (v'n)

Eum. Nor can it spring from Hell ; for it is born

Of Love, and there is nought but Hate.

Luc. Pray y' tell me
Who joyn'd it unto Love ? Who made them swear
So firm a Friendship ?

Olyn. The same Deity
That joyn'd the Sun and Light, the same that knits
The Life and Spirit.

Luc. These preserve each other :
But that doth twine and wreath it self about
Our growing Loves, as Ivy 'bout the Oak :
We think it shelters, when (alas !) we find
It weakens, and destroys.

Eum. It is not Jealousie
That ruins Love, but we our selves, who will not
Suffer that fear to strengthen it ; Give way
And let it work, 'twill fix the Love it springs from
In a staid Center.

Luc. What it works I know not,
But it ~~must~~ needs suppose Defect in one,
Either Defect of Merit in the Lover,
Or in the Lov'd, of Faith ; you cannot think
That I give Others Favours, when your self
Boast such a store of Merits.

Cha. O *Lucasia*,
Rather than be so impious as to think
That you want Faith, I must confess a want
Of Merit in my self ; (which would there were not.)
And being it is so, I was compell'd
To fear lest one more worthy than my self
Might throw me from my happiness. Consider
That you are born t' enrich the Earth, and then
if you will have one Love and not be Jealous,
You must convert your Eye upon your Eye,
(v'n) Make your own Heart Court your own Heart, and be
Your self a servant to your self.

Luc. But doth not
This Passion cease at last?

Olyn. It ceaseth to
Disturb, but still remains to quicken Love ;
As Thunder ceaseth when 't hath purg'd the Air,
And yet the Fire which caus'd it still remains
To make it move the livelier.

Luc. Were it quiet,
What Hand, *Charis'us*, would More sweetly move
The Orbs of this our Island ? who fetch in
More frequent Conquests ? and who more become
The Triumphs than your self ?

Cha. Beleeve *Charis'us*
Dreams ; Errors, false Opinions, slippery Hopes ,
And Jealous Fears are now his Spoyl, his Captives,
And follow Love's Triumphant Chariot, which
His Soul sits high in, and o'relooks the vain
Things of this lower World.

Luc. *Lucas'ia* did
Only retire, not fie ; Let's to the Grove,
And by the Consummation of our Loves
Under thole Myrtles (which as yet perhaps
Preserve the blushing Marks of thole your Angers)
Appease th' offended Goddess.

Olyn. This your Union
Will make your Kingdoms joyn ; *Cyprus* and *Crete*
Will meet in your Embraces.

Eum. Our Hearts are
Love's ord'ry Employment ; 'tis a Dart
Of a more scattering Metall that strikes you ;
When he wounds Princes, he wounds Nations too.

Exeunt

ACT

LIMI - 19

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Pandena, Cosmeta, Rhodia, meeting Macheffa
and Philanis.*

Cos. **L**ady *Macheffa*, opportunely met.

Pan. What store of Arms prepar'd?

Mach. The Country's lay'd ;
Spits, Andirons, Racks, and such like Utensils
Are in the very Act of Metamorphosis ;
Art is now sitting on them, and they will
Be hatch'd to Engins shortly.

Pan. Pray y' how doth
The Muster-Roule encrease ?

Mach. As fast as *Chloe*
Can take their Names ; we shall be all great Women.

Phil. Pray y' what Reward shall you and I have Lady?

Mach. Why I will be the Queen o'th' *Amazons*,
And thou o'th' *Pigmies*.

Phil. I, but who shall place us
In the *Amazonian*, and *Pigmean* Throne ?

Mach. Who but our Swords *Philanis* ? when we have
Settled the Government here at home , we will
Lead out an Army 'gainst those Warlike Dames,
And make 'em all our Vassals.

Phil. These left handed
Ladies are notable Politicians.

The King of *Monomotapa* you may
Be sure will be your Enemy, or else

The Book deceives me. But the *Agags* they
Will sure be for you.

Cos. Who may the *Agags* be ?

Phi. Why a black ugly People, that do turn
The inside of their Eye-lids outward, that
They may look lovely ; if they catch the *Amazons*,
They sowe 'em straight, as we do Pig, by quarters,
Or else do pickle 'em up for Winter Sallads.

Mac. How did you come by all this Knowledge *Phi?*
You are a learned Page.

Phil. Lady, do y' think
I never read to th' Women in the Nurs'ry ?
But will you lose one of your Breasts ? tis pitty
That your left Pap should be burnt off.

Mach. Why Gyrl ?
What use will there be of it ?

Phi. To give suck.
You must go seek out some brave *Alexander*,
And beg some half a dozen of Children of him,
Or else you'll be no true-bred *Amazon*.

Pan. Must they have *Macedonian* Fathers then ?
Phil. I think the *Amazonian* Queen doth swear
To no such Article when She is Crown'd ;
But ord'narily they do so; yet howe'r
Your Grace may send for the three Courtiers,
That you deliver'd from these Ladies here,
They would be glad to be employ'd in any
Such State-affairs. But I'd almost forgot
The *Pigmies* Conquest.

Pho. Have you read of them too ?

Phil. Though some say that their Souls are only stopt
Into their Bodies, just as so much Quick-silver
Is put into hot Loves, to make 'em dance
As long as th' heat continues ; yet, beleewe it,
They are a subt'le Nation, a most shrew'd
Advising People.

Cof. How' you then subdue them ?

Phil. By Policy, set Hays, and Traps, and Springs,

And

And Pitfalls for 'em. And if any do
 Dwell in the Rocks, make holes upon the top
 As deep as Cups, and fill 'em up with Wine ;
 You shall have one come presently, and sip,
 And when he finds the sweetnes, cry *Chin, Chin* :
 Then all the rest good Fellows straight come out,
 And tipple with him till they fall asleep ;
 Then we may come and pack 'em up in Hampers,
 Or else in Hand-baskets, and carry 'em whither
 We please our selves.

Mach. A notable Stratagem !

You'l never leave your Policies *Phil.*

Phi. But yet

We must draw out some Souldiers how'e'r.

Cof. There's no great need of Souldiers; Their Camp's
 No larger than a Ginger-bread Office.

Pan. And the Men little bigger.

Phil. What half Heretick

Book tells you that ?

Rho. The greatest sort they say
 Are like stone-pots with Beards that do reach down
 Unto their knees.

Cof. They're carri'd to the Wars then
 As Chickens are to Market, all in Dorsers,
 Some thirty Couple on a Horse.

Phil. You read

Only Apocryphall History. Beleeve me
 They march most formally : I know't there will
 Be work enough for Souldiers.

Mach Wee'l train up

All the young Wenches of the City here
 On purpose for this Expedition,
 And't shall be call'd the Female War.

Phil. I fear

They won't be strong enough to go against 'em ;

They have an Enemy doth vex 'em more
Than Horse or Man can.

Mach. Who, the Cranes you mean ?
I'll beg a Patent of Her Majesty
To take up all that fly about the Country,
For the *Pigmeian* Service

Phil. I, but who
Shall's have to Discipline 'em so, that we
May fly 'em at them off our fists ?

Mach. They fly
In a most war-like Figure naturally :
However we may have a Net cast o'r
Th' Artyllery Yard, and send for th' Gentleman
That bridles Stags, and makes 'em draw Caroches,
Hee'l exercise 'em in a Month or two,
And bring 'em to it easily.

Phil. We must carry
Six or sev'n hundred of Bird-Cages
And Cony-Coopes along with us.

Mach. For what ?
Phil. T' imprison Rebels, and there feed 'em up
With Milk, and Dazy-roots. I will so yerk
The little Gentlemen.

Cof. You must not play
The Tyrant o'r the Wretches.

Phil. You shall see [Draws her Sword.]
How I'll behave my self. This fo'reside blow
Cuts off thrice three, this back-blow thrice three more,
This foreright thrust spits half a dozen of 'em,
Bucklers and all, like so many Larkes with Sage
Between them ; then this down-right cleaves a stubborn
Two-footed Rebell from the Crown o'th' head
Down to the twist, and makes him double forked
Like a Turn Stile, or some such Engin. Others
I'll knock pall-mall, and make the wretched Caitiffs

Measure

Measure their length upon their Mother Earth,
And so bestride 'em, and cry Victory.

Mach. And what'lyou do, when you are seated in
The Throne, to win your Subjects Love *Philenis* ?

Phil. I'l stand upon a Cricket, and there make
Fluent Orations to 'em ; call 'em Trusty
And Well-beloved, Loyall, and True Subjects,
And my good People: Then I'l mount on Horseback,
Shew' em my little Majesty, and scatter
Five or six hundred single pence among 'em,
Teach 'em good Language by cleft sticks, and Bay-leaves,
And Civilize 'em finally by Puppet-Plays.

Cof. Most studi'd, and advis'd !

Pan. The heart of Wildome !

Rho. And Soul of Policy !

Mach. Come little Queen,
Wee'lgo and make her Majesty acquainted
With all the Plot ; 'twill take her certainly.

Exeunt.

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Adraste, Lucania, Charistus, Olyndus, Eumela, Florina,
Malthora, in Myrtle wreathes.*

Adr. **V**V As all the Treasure ship'd ?

Eum. All, but the Pictures,
And Statues, they'r reserv'd. I saw the Luxury,
And wealth of *Cyprus* fail. The Souldier doth
By this time gaze upon't.

Adr. The news, *Charistus*,
Of your Adventures here, I dare presume
Hath joyn'd both Armies now. Me thinks I see
The *Cyprians* standing here, the *Cretans* there,
And, in a space between them, both Kings meeting

In

In a most strong Embrace, and so provoking
 Clamors and shouts from both sides, and a joyfull
 Clattering of Weapons.

Cha. Beauteous Queen, your Vertues
 Are greater far than Fame ; and you your self
 Greater than them ! Though Gold and Purple do
 Adorn your head, yet you have Wove your self
 Far richer Diadems from your Royall Acts,
 And made your self Immortall by producing
 Immortall things. But though your wreath of Virtue
 Hath made what e'r the Sun beholds in all
 His course enamor'd by you, yet if I
 May pull one single one from out the rest,
 There's none, for which you have more Altars rais'd
 Unto your Name, than for that Noble Love,
 Whose flames you keep still burning in your self,
 And cherish in all others.

Adr. Sir, you have Conquer'd
 A Princess, and in her a Queen : I am
 Th' addition to your Triumph, We owe much
 To you *Olyndus*.

Olynn. I can challenge nothing
 But my *Charissas* Friendship. 'Tis to him
 Yeu owe these seeds of Peace. Although his Father
 Appear'd so tender of him, that when he
 Camé hither secretly to view the Rites
 Of *Venus*, which *Lucasia* then perform'd,
 The aged Man hasted to th' Oracle
 To know what Fortune should attend his Son,
 And, for an unexpected answer, did
 Banish those Priests for which our King now fights :
 Yet for all this, ev'n in this heat of danger,
 H' hath made another Venture, and the Kingdom
 Now grieves his second loss.

Adr. Do you know the answer

That

That the God gave to his enquiring Father,
For which the King did banish all the Priests ?

Olyn. I may repeat it now, th' Event assures me
It meant you no Misfortune. It was this ;

Charistus shall his Country save,
If he become his Enemies Slave.

Adr. I hope th' Event will not fulfill it.

Olyn. 'Tis
Fulfill'd enough to make an Oracle true.

Adr. I hope you have no Enemies, and for Slave
The Gods avert it !

Olyn. He's *Lucasia's* Servant,
There's that fulfill'd ; *Cyprus* is now reputed
The *Enemy* to *Crete* ; but as for true
And reall Enemies to you *Charistus*,
The World hath none so Barbarous ; your Vertues
Have under this disguise shew'd so much Prince,
That they betrai'd you still to any Eye
That could discern.

Cha. Honour'd *Olyndus*, you
Outdo me still. Friends should be alwaies equall :
You must take off, and pare your Vertues, that
You may go even with me. I owe much
To you, *Eumela*, too.

Adr. Her service hath
Preserv'd the Kingdom, and refounded *Cyprus*.

Cha. Two Scepters are her Debtors.

Adr. But, *Eumela*,
You might have told me sooner, that *Lucasia*
Began to feel a Passion ; you ne'r knew
That I destroy'd true vertuous Loves ; it is
A pleasure to me to perceive their Buddings,
To know their Minutes of Encrease, their Stealings,
And sileat Growings ; and I have not spar'd
To help, and bring them on.

Eum.

Eum. You have so favour'd
Agreeing Souls, that all the VVorld confesseth
Your own is perfect Harmony. But where
The God is Blind, should not the Creature be
Silent, and Close? That which is bred by whispers
VVould dye if once proclaim'd.

Cal. If it were any,
It was a fault of Trust; 'tis more Injustice
To betray secret Love, than to make known
Counsels of State. *Cupid* hath his Cabinet,
To which, if any prove unfaithfull, he
Straight wounds him with the Leaden Shaft, and so
They live tormented, and dye scorn'd.

Adr. No more;
'Tis well: I meant not to Accuse, but Praise.
Have you set some to watch, and signifie
The King's Return?

Eum. Three peacefull Courtiers,
Lerinus, and *Ganyctor*, and *Iringus*,
Desir'd that they might bring the News, and so
Are gone unto the Port.

Adr. My Ladies, you
I hope will clear up now.

Flor. I have too much
Joy to expres it.

Mal. Could you see my heart,
You'd view a Triumph there.

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

To them *Phelanis*.

Phil. And't please your Highness
There are three Ladies wait without, who, if
You have a vacant Ear, are come t' inform you

Of

Of something neer concerns the State.

Adr. The old
Vexation's busie still — *Pandena* and
Cosmeta, and the other — are they not?
Tell 'em they may come in — How shall we do,
Eumela, now to stop their Clamour? [Ex. Ph.

Eum. 'Tis easie;
There's nothing yet provided; the Return
O'th' King being now so sudden, 'twill amaze 'em,
And make 'em kneel for mercy to you, if
You do but threaten to disclose the Plot.

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

To them *Cosmeta*, *Pandena*, *Rhodia*.

Adr. Your business Ladies?
Cof. Please you to dismiss

Those Faces that have Beards?

Adr. Fear not, they shall not
Betray your Counsels.

Cof. Please your Highness then,
There's fear that our Design will come to nought,
Our Trust is falsi.n'd.

Adr. How so?

Cof. We came
To ask *Macheffa* about Weapons, and
She presently demands, how many cases
Of Knives, what Forks we have, Toasting, or Carving?

Pan. Talk we of Swords, she asks what Crispings Pins
And Bodkins we could guesl might easily be
Rais'd through the Common-wealth?

Rho. We speake of Armour,
She straight replies, send in your steel Combs, with
The Steels you see your Faces in, we'll quickly

Con-

Convert 'em into Greaves, and Gorgets.

Cof. If

This be not treason 'gainst the Female State,
Believe not Policy, nor me.

Eun. Why she

Was your own choice; you cri'd her up as one
That having neither Child, nor Husband, would
Take to her self the Commonwealth as both.

Cof. We do suspect your sadness sweet *Florinda*.

Rho. And your retir'dnes too *Malthora*, (as
Demure as you stand here) is deep engag'd.

Pan. Nor is *Eumea* free.

Mal. VVhere do you gathet it?

Cof. Pray y' why those Myrtle wreaths? why your
And your Doers Crown'd? (Gates dreft?

Flo. In hope our Lords will shortly
Enter, and Crown 'em mote.

Cof. Most evident I
Can there be bolder Falshood? Did we not
Agree to keep out Husbands from our City
And our Minds too? And yet behold there are
Garlands and Flowers prepar'd; and they to be
Receiv'd as Lovers. Husbands are at best
But a sad kind of pleasure; one good Look,
And a Salute's enough at any time
For the Good-man o'th' Family.

Flo. Pray y' allow
Affection more Expressions; Love doth cease
To be, when that it breaks not out into
Those signs of Joy; as Souls cease to be Souls
VWhen they leave off to shew their Operations.

Pan. This is no time for vain Philosophy,
VVe are to have a fine State of it shortly,
VWhen Ladies once begin to utter Axioms,
And raise a Faction 'gainst the seven Sages.

Act

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

Machezza.

Mac. And't please your Highness, three Embassadors,
Sent from the *Cretan* State, do crave admittance.

Adr. Usher 'em in. *[Ex. Ma. Eum. whispers the Qu.*

Cof. There's life you see i'th' bus'ness ;
Let's yet be true. The fame of our Exploit
Already makes us sought to. There's an Honour
Not usuall too i'th' Number of 'em ; when
Arriv'd there three before from the same State ?
And't please you, let *Pandena, Rhodia, and I,*
Manage their Entertainment ?

Adr. Do so.

Pan. It shall
All be to th' honour of the Female State.

Cof. Prepare yourself *Pandena*, here they come.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

To them Machezza ushering Lerinus, Iringus, and Ganyctor,
as Embassadors. (Beautious.

Ler. Most Gracious, most Renowned, and most
Cof. Pray y'be not troublesome ; We're taken
VVholy with the Affairs o'th' Kingdom now. (up

Irin. VVhen will your Ladiship have a Vacancy ?

Pan. You are Impertinent ; True Politicians
Do never use to answer on the sudden.

Rho. It is not now as heretofore ; the times
Are grown more wise, and more reserv'd ; there are
Matters on foot far greater ; you must wait —
You are Embassadors.

Gan

Gan. We should not think so,
But that you're pleas'd to tell us so ; your usage
Hath a far different Dialect from your Tongue.

Cof. Were there not VVomen in your Kingdom fit
For this Imployment ? I perceive your State
Is utterly unfurnish'd, that it cannot
Send forth three Female Agents.

Irin. Tis not, Madam,
The custome of our Master to commit
His Kingdom's secrets to a peece of Chrystall ;
That were not to Negotiate, but Betray.

Pa. You shall meet VVomen here, that are not Crystal,
Those that will find out you, and hide themselves.

Rho. You shall not need the help of an Interpreter
VVhen we give Audience ; Speak what Tongue you will
You shall be understood, each one of us
Hath more than one.

Ler. VVe easily beleeve it,
Though you should speak none else besides your Native.

Cof. Pray stand you by, and wait a while.

Ler. VVe obey.

Cof. Now will they think the better of us ; 'tis
The way to bring our selves in Credit by
Neglecting of 'em thus. I'd have 'em know
VVe were to be saluted at their coming.

Pa. Their State is very unhappy, that it is
So unprovided : I beleeve these are
The very wisest in the Kingdom ; for
They have no Manners.

Rho. You guess rightly, Madam ;
The greatest Counsellors and Lawyers scarce
Know how to make a Leg.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

To them *Philenis*.

Phil. **A**rm, arm, arm, arm,
The King, and Lords are within sight. Here
Pray take my Sword, and Helmet. (Madam,

Cof. Worthy Gentlemen,
Do y' come to proffer aid from th' Cretan King
To help us 'gainst the Men ?

Irin. No Ladies : we
Come but to tell you that the King is Landed, { *They discover*
We are your fellow- Subjects. { *themselves.*

Cof. Fellow- Villaines
Among your selves. *Eumela*, we may thank
You for all this.

Pan. But Sister of the Sword,
Great Lady Stickler —

Mach. Be patient pray y' a while — Take you this Hel-
And you this Fauchion Sir, and you this Lance; (met,
Embaſſadours still must be dismiss'd with Presents.

Rho. Where is our Plate ?

Pan. Our Wealth ?

Cof. Our Jewels ?

Mach. Folly !

Did not my Order bind me to assist
Distressed men ?

Cof. Who would e'r trust a VVoman ?

Mach. The Queen will give y' a fair account.

Adr. 'Tis no

Time to debate things now. The truth is, all
VVas ship'd, and sent the King, is one great Present
From all the Cyprian VVomen. If you do
Desire that he should know how it was rais'd,

For what intended, by what means diverted,
I'll bid him spare his thanks, and tell him 'twas
Not Bounty, but Misfortune that directed
This vast Supply to him.

Cof. We hope your Highnes
Will be so Gratiouſe to us, as to let us
Make the belt use yet of our Evils. 'Twill
Be ſomething, if that, which was meant Sedition,
May now be took for Contribution,
And we eſteem'd Relievers of the Army.

Adr. I do engage my Royall word, you ſhall
Be put in th' Annals, as good Members of
The Cyprian Commonwealth. But heark, the noife !
The Horſes, Trumpets, Priests ! They come ! I ſtand off.

Act. V. SCEN.VIII.

To them 3 Priests of *Apollo* with wreaths of Lawrell,
Demarchus and *Dinomachus* hand in hand, *Pastorius*,
Philondas, *Souldiers*.

The Priests ſtanding on one ſide, and the Ladies on the other, leaving a free ſpace between 'em, in which *Demarchus* and *Adraste* firſt meet. Then *Dinomachus* and *Adraste* receive *Charitius* and *Lucosia*; Then *Philondas* meets *Malthora*; Then the King and Queen joyn *Oiyndus* and *Eumela*; The reſt then ſalute, and receive one another with welcome; while they all thus meet, the Priests on the one ſide, and the Ladies on the other, ſing thus eatechangeably.

I. Priest. **A**pollo, who foretellſt what ſhall enſue,
None ſpeaks more Dark than thou, but none
More true;

If Heard, Obscure; but yet if Seen, moft Bright;
Day's in thy Viſage, in thy Sayings Night.

Pr. Cho. Day's in thy Viſage, in thy Sayings Night.

So thous preacheſt, Souldors.

1 Lady. Venus makes good what he Decrees,
And Love fulfis what he foresees,
Thus Gods help Gods, thus Mortals own
Much to the Bayes, much to the Bow.

La. Cho. Much to the Bayes, much to the Bow.

2 Priest. Phœbus as Present shewes us future things,
Our Trivets Counsell give, our Trees teach Kings,
And whilst our Oracle instructs the State,
What e'r the Priest shall say the God makes Fate.

Pr. Cho. What e'r the Priest shall say the God makes Fate.

2 Lady. What are your Trivets to Loves wings?
They Teach, but these do Conquer Kings,
Venus to Fate adds all the blis,
She that makes Doves, makes Kingdoms kiss.

La. Cho. She that makes Doves makes Kingdoms kiss.

La. & Pr. Thus then the Myrtle and the Bayes we joyn.

Chorus. And in one Wreath Wisdom and Love Combate.

Dem. I never reign'd till now. You needed not
Have sent that Ample Treasure ; I had all
Wealth in your Loves. Come, Great Dñomachus,
As they joyn'd Voices, to let us joyn Hearts.

Dino. Sir, your Embraces vanquish far beyond
Your Sword, though happy ; you march Conquerour
More by a Glorious Peace, than if your Arm
Had scatter'd Deaths still as you pass'd ; your Throne
Grows hence ; y'have gain'd what e'r you have not ruin'd ;
Your Pow'r rules Cyprus, but your Fame the World.

Dem. Hate only is between th' Ignoble, when
The Good dissent, tis only difference,
Malice ; Virtue flames in both, and so
abhorreth the other Love ; their Discords are

More blameless than th' Embraces of the Bad;
 'Tis to stand off, rather than bear a Grudge.
 And if they fight, when e'er they do lay down
 Their VWeapons, they lay down their Anger too.
 As we affect then to seem good, and are so,
 Let one Oblivion wrap up what hath past
 On either side.

Dino. But I must first ask Pardon ;
 I've wrong'd a Deity. Great *Apollo*, be
 Thou still propitious. Here I do restore
 Thy Blameless Priests. VVhat was but only Darknes,
 I thought Contrivance ; and the Priest not Loyall,
 Because the God was pleas'd to be obscure :
 But now th' Event lends light to that, and Me ;

*And my Charistus doth his Country save
 By being thus become his Enemi's Slave.*
 Peace rest upon 'em both ; *Apollo* spoke it,
 And *Venus* hath perform'd it.

Dem. As they joyn'd
 To make us happy, so let us pay back
 United Thanks, and joyn their Deities in
 A double Feast. It is not Mens Lot only
 To need each other ; ev'n the Pow'r's themselves
 Give and take help. Affection brings about
 VVhat Counsell cannot. Thus the Gods have lent
 Love unto VVisdome for an Instrument.

Exeunt Omnes.

The



The EPILOGUE.

THough we well know the Neighbouring Plain
Can strike from Reeds as high a Strain,
And that the Scrip, and Crook
May worst our Poet's Book ;
Like Fayries yet we here could stay
Till Village Cocks proclaim the Day :
And whilst your Pleasure is the Theam,
Feed and keep up the Dream.

But Sleep beginning now to shed
Poppies on every Bed,
Love stay'd his hands, and said our Eyes
This Night were made his Prize :
And now (instead of Poppies) flings
These wishes on you from his wings.

The Calm of Kingdoms new made Friends,
When both enjoy their Hopes, and Ends,
The like in you Create,
And make each Mind a State :
The thoughts of Princes, when they do
Meet Princes to coyn Princes too,
Possess your Breasts with Fire and Youth,
And make each dream a Truth :
The joyes of Friendship after Fight,
Of Love's first happy Night,
Of Lords return'd, make you still greet,
As when you first did meet.
And quitted this from Grief and Fear,
Think you enjoy a Cyprus here.

mes.
The

THE PROLOGUE

It is a general law of nature that
the more perfect the government
and the better it is administered
the more it will be able to
protect the people and
the more it will be able to
promote the welfare of the people
and the more it will be able to
make the people happy.

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